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FOR 1917



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BY
ARTHUR HORNBLow
Editor of "THE THEATRE MAGAZINE"



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THE THEATRE

JANUARY, 1917



FEBRUARY—the month of great men's birthdays!

Of course, you know them. Honest Abe and the truthful George. Shall we pass them by unnoticed? No!

Though primarily of the theatre, we never forget our patriotism. The February THEATRE MAGAZINE will be a specially attractive and gala number, and you who read this, will know why.

Don't miss it!

QUO VADIS? Where are you going?

A question which some of our theatre managers might well ask themselves.

We mean those managers who wilfully pander to suggestiveness and vulgarity on the stage.

Have you ever stopped to consider the responsibility of the producer toward public morals? It is a big subject and one on which the Church is about to take issue.

In our next number we shall publish an article on this vital question by the Rev. John J. Burke, editor of the *Catholic World*.

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ERIN go Braugh!

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Next month we'll have Chauncey Olcott with us. He'll give his "Personal Reminiscences," and relate some ripping Irish yarns.

Save that grouch of yours until the February number arrives. You'll be sure to lose it when you read what Chauncey has to say.

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LOUIS MEYER. PAUL MEYER, Publishers
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

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ALLow us to present some "pardoners."

There's the playwright pair, the Hattons, the musical pair, Gluck and Zimbalist, the manager-playwright couple, Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selwyn, the actress-author couple, Laurette Taylor and Hartley Manners, and hosts of others.

We'll let you meet them all. They'll tell you their secret for professional and domestic happiness. See the February issue.

Feminists, take notice. The woman's quite as important as the man in these matrimonial alliances.

ANEW playwright has appeared upon the dramatic horizon.

A soldier-author he, for Lord Dunsany, who wrote "The Gods of the Mountain", and "A Night at an Inn," thrillers which have set all New York talking, has been wounded twice at the front.

Our next number will contain an article on this interesting Briton who has struck a novel and forcible note in theatre-dom.

brushing the cobwebs away.

Already the Washington Square, the Portmanteau, and some of the Neighborhood Players have forced their way to Broadway, and their offerings have met with tremendous success.

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From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

MARY NASH IN "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

THE THEATRE



CHARLES FECHTER'S DEBUT IN AMERICA

By CHARLES BURNHAM



ONE of the most interesting "first nights" I can recall was Charles Fechter's début in America, which took place at Niblo's Garden in January, 1870.

What an opening night it was! Gathered within the walls of the old theatre on that auspicious occasion, was a brilliant gathering of notables—men and women distinguished in literature, finance, society, art, commerce, military and State circles. General George B. McClellan, Charles A. Dana, then editor of the *Sun*; Oswald Ottendorfer, founder of the *Staats Zeitung*; Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker poet; Henry Clews, W. Butler Duncan, the banker who afterwards financed the building of a theatre for Fechter; David Dudley Field, J. W. Gerard, father of the present Ambassador to Germany; Moses H. Grinnel, Ethan Allen, George Opdyke, and A. T. Stewart who, with his family, occupied the box which he controlled as owner of the building.

These were but a few among the many of the large and influential circle of professional men who came to see the man of whom Charles Dickens wrote: "I cannot wish my friend a better audience than he will have in the American people, and I cannot wish them a better actor than they will find in my friend."

Those who can recall, will remember how they were electrified, and made to "sit up" in their seats by the acting of the spasmodic, wonderful man who dashed through all the petted conventionalities of the stage, and played "Ruy Blas" as no one else ever played the part. He at once became the talk of the town, this stalwart, robust, distinguished looking man. While opinions were divided amongst the men, the women were of one voice in their admiration of the actor.



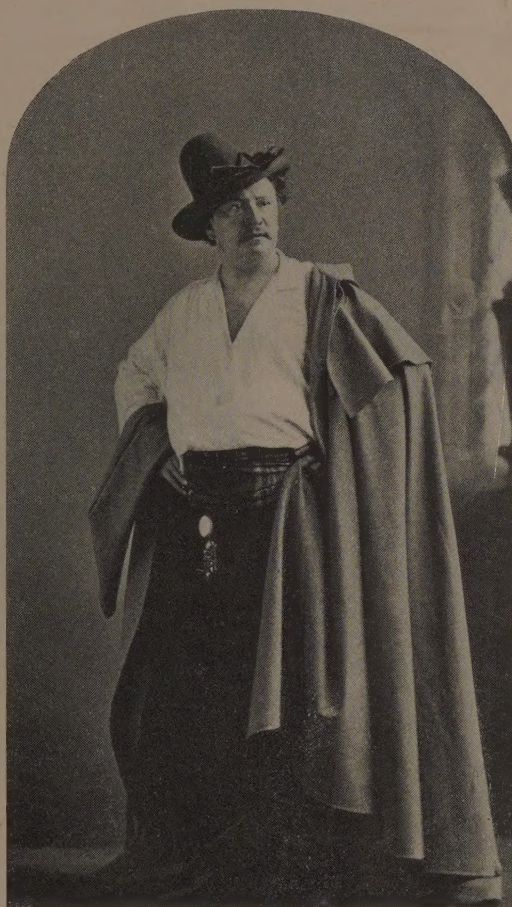
CLEMENT SCOTT, the eminent critic of the English stage, in speaking of Fechter said: "Here was an actor, who on his coming to the stage, shook to their foundations the worn-out traditions of the old school of acting, which, however excellent it might have been in its time, had become musty and pedantic. His power lay in that glowing passion, that wonderful picturesqueness, which carry away the imagination of the audience, qualities that are no longer to be found upon our stage."

In answer to the query as to whether an actor of Fechter's type, and the style of play he presented would be welcomed again upon the stage, he replied: "That is a question. Tastes change and nowhere so quickly as in the theatre. To-day the stage work of authors and actors of Fechter's time are looked upon as poor relics of a departed past, and when a revival of some old play is attempted, the present theatre-goer marvels at what once pleased in the theatre. Perhaps the trouble lies not in the play but the way it is played. Neither Goldsmith, nor Sheridan, nor Robertson are ever bad except when badly acted: when

the actor fails, the author is ridiculed."

Charles Fechter was born in London and educated in Paris, where he was a pupil of the famous French actor, Frederic Lemaître. He made his first appearance on the stage in Berlin, creating the rôle of Armand Duval in "Camille" when he was but twenty-two years of age.

His first London appearance as a star was made



Sarony

FECHTER AS MONTE CRISTO

in 1863. Here, as in France and Germany, he became the lion of the day. The great writers of the time, among them Alexander Dumas, Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, became his intimates. The women of all three countries flattered him with their admiration and made him their idol—an idolatry which brought about his downfall.

Gifted as Fechter was he possessed one great fault—an uncertain temper; a fault greatly aggravated by the attentions showered upon him. Perhaps no man upon the stage was so admired and beloved by women as he, but as one of his intimates expressed it, "like so many more men whom women have passionately loved, he drifted and drifted and drifted." He was as much admired off the stage as on. Possessed of amiability and rare charm of manner, he captivated all with whom he came in contact. The late Joseph

Jefferson considered him one of the most brilliant and entertaining men he had ever met; while in the theatre it was said of his acting that "the women sobbed over his love making: the men thrilled at the heroism of his melodrama."

But it was not alone as an actor that Fechter left his mark upon the stage. Baker, in his "History of the English Stage," says: "Fechter inaugurated a new era in English histrionic art that led to the great theatrical revival of the nineteenth century. He began by revolutionizing the stage. The ancient grooves, trap-doors and sticky flats were abolished; the flooring so constructed that it could be taken to pieces like a child's puzzle; scenery could be raised or sunk bodily and all the shifting was done on the mezzanine stage beneath; ceilings were no longer represented by hanging cloths, or the walls of a room by open wings, but were solidly built." Critics not friendly to Fechter claimed he had in this instance adopted old ideas. Goethe writes that in his youth the French theatre shut in the sides and had real walls for interior scenes.

The discussion which his stage reformation and his art in melodrama had created were as nothing compared to the furore following his presentation of "Hamlet" in a blonde wig, and giving to the part a reading totally new to the English stage. The old school of actors were so astounded that they held indignation meetings and denounced the "Hamlet with broken English," the "French Hamlet" as they termed it, while the public became more ardent in their admiration.

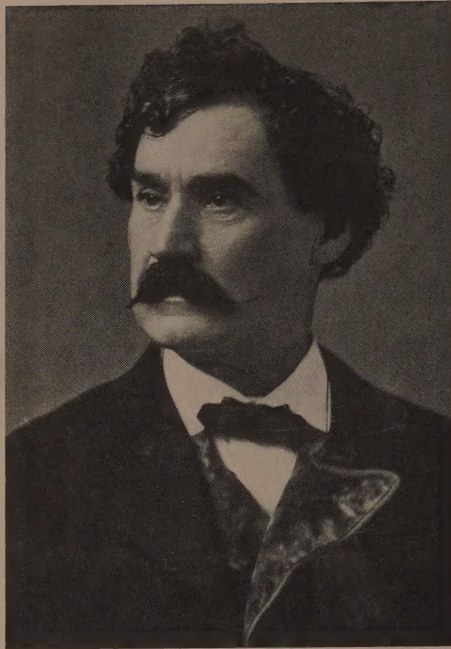


FOLLOWING his début in this country in "Ruy Blas," Fechter next appeared in "Hamlet" and his performance aroused as much discussion here among critics and theatre-goers as it did abroad. Lawrence Hutton, in his "Curiosities of the American Stage," wrote of Fechter's Hamlet: "The acting of no man, native or foreign, in the whole history of the American stage has been the subject of so much or of such varied criticism as his. Those who were his admirers were wildly enthusiastic in his praise; those who did not like him did not like him at all and were unsparing in their condemnation and ridicule; but no one was wholly indifferent to his acting. His Hamlet, although very uneven and unequal, was certainly a marvelous performance. He gave to the Prince of Denmark the fair Saxon face and the light flowing hair of the Danes of to-day. His Hamlet as a whole was impressive and magnetic, the oftener seen the better liked."

Fechter's bad temper manifested itself in his quarrelsome disposition. While in London he continually and persistently quarreled with his best friends, quarreling and making up again with Charles Dickens, Palgrave Simpson, Edmund Yates and Wilkie Collins. With his fellow actors he was ever at swords' points. This disposition to contention he brought with him to this country



CARLOTTA LE CLERCQ



JAMES W. WALLACK



MRS. CHANFRAU

and almost from the day of his arrival until he finally left the stage, he was engaged in one dispute after another. Perhaps the greatest controversy of his life, and one that had a marked effect upon his fortunes, was the disagreement he had with the company of which he was manager.

At the time of Fechter's first appearance in America, Arthur Cheney, a wealthy merchant of New England and the owner of the Globe Theatre in Boston, concluded arrangements with Fechter, whereby the actor was to assume the management of the Globe, engage a stock company which was to excel any similar organization in the country, and make productions in such a superior manner that all like enterprises would seem weak imitations in comparison. With this end in view, a company was engaged which included among its members James W. Wallack (a cousin of Lester Wallack), C. H. Vanderhoff, Frank Roche, G. H. Griffiths, Charles Le Clercq, W. J. LeMoyné, H. F. Daly, Carlotta Le Clercq, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Melinda Jones, Mary Carey and Ida Savory, artists famous, in those days, as of unquestioned ability.

The new organization, under Fechter's direction, opened the theatre in September, 1870, with a magnificent production of his dramatization of "Monte Cristo." The venture began under the most favorable circumstances, and the opening play was considered by the critics of the day the most sumptuous and notable performance of "Monte Cristo" ever given in the city. It was an auspicious beginning. The future of "the stock company that was to take the shine out of all others" looked exceedingly bright.

But soon the actor's "temperament" asserted itself and rumors of internal dissension became noised about. At one of the evening performances, shortly after the season had started, Mr. Fechter came before the curtain and in a brief speech, which rather astonished those present, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Griffiths has only this moment arrived at the theatre, but I am ashamed to say, in such a state that I cannot permit him to appear before you. If you will kindly allow of it, his part will be read by another member of the company."

This drastic proceeding was looked upon by other members of the company as altogether harsh and unnecessary, and sympathy for the disgraced actor brought about a constrained feeling between Fechter and his company, which was considerably enhanced by the appearance in the public prints of articles attributed to Fechter,

referring to the dissension in the organization. One in particular was considered a *défi* on the part of Fechter, and was construed as being aimed at Wallack. The slight allusion to a woman in the case brought to light the fact that Mrs. Chanfrau had already withdrawn from the company. The article read:

"We cannot but justify the management in the course it has seen fit to pursue. On Mr. Fechter now rests the responsibility of the good management and good conduct of the theatre, and he is determined that while it is in his hands it shall not suffer detriment. It is high time that actors should be taught the lesson that they are the servants of the public, and that the public, always indulgent, has at last become weary of the 'fantastic' tricks which actors are too much in the habit of playing. As a class, though we are bound to say there are honorable exceptions, they are the incarnation of vanity and each one supposes that he, and he alone, is big with the fate of the establishment in which he is employed. No theatre ever did, or ever will, depend for its prosperity on the efforts of any one man, or so far as that goes on any one woman, no matter how high in the public estimation he or she may stand."

Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau was one of the great stage favorites of years ago—though not so many years back but that many of our present-day theatre-goers recall the charming personality of the actress. She was regarded as a womanly woman, whose chief charm lay in her gentle manners and winning ways and was called, in her time, the most natural actress upon the stage. Fully as popular was her husband, F. S. Chanfrau, an actor who had worked his way from a super to the front rank in his profession. Naturally Mr. Chanfrau championed his wife's cause and the wide popularity of the two artists made their version of the dispute with Fechter the generally accepted one.

The "actors' quarrel" now became a part of the daily news, Chanfrau and Wallack having their sides illuminated in the New York papers, while Fechter had his say in the Boston press. Mrs. Chanfrau gave as her reason for withdrawing from the company that she had been engaged with the distinct understanding that she was to alternate all leading parts with Miss Carlotta Le Clercq, and that Fechter having tendered her a part which she absolutely refused to play, he became very angry and Mrs. Chanfrau, sensitive but very dignified and ladylike, left the theatre and reported the matter to her husband. Some correspondence ensued between Fechter and Chanfrau, the final communication between the two being the following letter which Fechter furnished to the papers:

"Sir—It has come to my knowledge that on a recent occasion, at the house of a friend in this city, you presumed to address my wife, certain remarks *disrespectful* in their nature, and utterly *unworthy* of a gentleman. Respect for the family

whose hospitality you thus grossly soiled restrains me from expressing the contempt with which you have inspired me, by tweaking your nose in public, but I take the first and only opportunity your careful seclusion of your precious person renders immediately available, of saying upon my personal responsibility that I think you are, what your conduct indicates you to be, a gross black-guard. I shall be at this hotel *until* five this evening, when I propose to return to Long Branch.

"Obediently yours,
"F. S. CHANFRAU."

In making public this communication, Fechter said: "The above letter, which I have given verbatim et literatim et punctuatim, speaks for itself." This was done with the evident intention of calling notice to what he supposed was Chanfrau's illiteracy. Fechter denied absolutely that he had addressed Mrs. Chanfrau other than as a gentleman should.

Following close upon this row came the one with Wallack. Wallack had seen fit to communicate the details of the disagreement to a paper in New York, and Fechter immediately gave his version to a friendly paper in Boston, saying: "Let me put in a true light the falsified correspondence, the invented rights and wrongs, given to the editor of a New York paper by a man I esteemed, have loved and treated as a brother: I name Mr. James W. Wallack. His claim to the right to refuse any part he chooses to decline is imaginery indeed; and I give below, as undeniable proof, the stipulations made by Wallack himself, copied from his own handwriting:

"I will engage with you for the next season of forty weeks, my salary to be—per week, my name to be used for a benefit for the theatre, I waiving all rights and interest in it; a second benefit to be given to me, of which I shall receive a clear half of the gross receipts. I am to dress in a room by myself, and in all plays produced my costumes to be provided by the management. I am to act seven times in the week if necessary but any performance beyond that number to be paid for pro rata. It is not necessary to multiply stipulations, as your intention is to make me comfortable in the theatre and my intention is to serve the interest of the management."

Endorsed upon the back of this letter Mr. Wallack wrote and signed: "No other stipulations, nor rights reserved." I gave to Mr. Wallack the part of Don Salluste (a leading part, and which he knew he had to play from the day of our first meeting); he kept it for five days; came to the theatre on salary day, talked with me on the stage, never alluded to the part in any way; and, instead of addressing me, the stage manager or the prompter, on the subject, walked quietly off, leaving in the hands of the door-keeper of "Ruy Blas" confided to him, enclosed in this brief note:

"My dear Fechter—I do not like Don Salluste at all; and would rather not assume the part.

"I return the book therefore, and am,

"Yours truly,
"J. W. WALLACK."

(Concluded on page 62)



White

Arnold Daly

Edyth Latimer

Act 3. Conscious of his own neglect, the master condones his wife's infidelity

SCENE IN "THE MASTER" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE FULTON THEATRE

WE'RE THE GREATEST GAMBLERS ON EARTH

By CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM



SEE that nervous little man over there, alone?" While having luncheon with a friend the other day in a Broadway grill, he pointed to a dapper but undeniably nervous little man. "Big steel man?" I asked. My friend is something or other high up in the structural steel game.

"Steel? Too tame for him. Why, that man—," mentioning his name, "takes more chances in a week than Steve Brodie could take in a lifetime. He's one of the greatest little gamblers that ever made sure he put on his left shoe first every morning."

"Gambler?" I became interested, a sort of brotherly feeling; although I soon learned that my friend regarded me as far removed from a gambler.

"Stocks, roulette, poker, margins, war-brides, weather-bets or theatres?" I queried.

My friend looked at me in amazement, then grinned. He believed he had detected me in the act of handing him a josh.

"Theatre!" he exclaimed, "You've sure got your nerve with you to include the safe, sane and tame business of the theatre with anything in the gambling line."

"Quite right," I assured him. "There can be no element of gambling in a sure thing. That is why I mentioned the theatre as a possible line of this little chap's gambling. Let me tell you that this producing business has got roulette, the Honduras lottery, crap, stud, stocks on margin, matrimony and every other form of gambling looking like penny ante."



HOW much does this great gambling chap risk, on an average?" I demanded.

"Oh, thousands. Why just the other day he bought \$12,000 worth of stuff in the street on margin. And before he could get his breath and turn around to sell, the stuff had slumped so that he lost \$4,000!" My friend said it with considerable relish, as if this clinched the matter for all time and proved that the nervous little man was a great gambler.

"Unless he were locked up in a room without a phone and a ticker he couldn't lose his \$12,000, could he?" I demanded. "He has a big chance to unload the minute the bear movement starts. That isn't much of a gamble—"

"But think of the risk."

"I am," I assured him, "that's why I smile. I have an acquaintance who put \$50,000 into a show, worked hard getting everything ready and the show didn't last through the week. His \$50,000 was gone beyond all recall."

And then I attempted to prove to my friend that the man in Wall Street, the man trying to fill a flush or straight, the man betting on the turn of a wheel, is not putting up the real big gamble that the theatrical producer does when he starts out to put a new attraction over.

And it is true, I am sure, that theatrical producers—all of them, in fact—are the greatest gamblers in the world. There is no "margin" in the producing game. If your stocks are being hammered down, you rush to the 'phone, call up your broker and he will sell so that you lose but

little. But if the big production you have put a fortune into proves a frost, there's no kind broker to "sell" and get back most of your investment for you.

My friend thought the little man who risked \$12,000 on a margin deal was a wonderful gambler. Not long ago I risked more than eight times that sum in one production. Fortunately, it went through all right. But it might not have been a success. Not all of my productions are that. No producer lives who, with any experience worth discussing, ever won out with every venture. My cool hundred thousand might have gone to pot within a few days.

On the opening night, the audience might have scanned.

On the next morning the critics panned.

And on the third day the production would be canned.

There is no possible chance of getting back so

certain about a new show, whether the show be a religious drama or burlesque, whether it be a little one-act vaudeville sketch or a great spectacular extravaganza. No man knows whether it will make good—not even the critics. Some of our biggest money-makers have been roasted to a crisp black crust in all the papers and, despite that, plugged right along for a run of forty or eighty or more weeks simply because the people liked it regardless of the critics.

And I have seen other productions which started out with a great Zip—critics all enthusiastic for it and everything apparently going fine, except that the audiences wouldn't approve, and after a few weeks' struggle the show goes to smash.

Practically everyone connected with the show business—except the stage hands who get union wages—is gambling on a new production. Of course, the producer takes the biggest chance.

He spends actual money, and bushels of it.

But consider the author. He may struggle with that play for weeks and months, may write and rewrite and accept suggestions and cut and add and work hard over it. But he doesn't get a single penny—unless he was fortunate enough to get a little check in advance—until the show opens. If it runs a long while, his royalties pay him well. If it fails, he has had all this work for nothing.



White

Leon Errol and Elsie Janis in the Dillingham-Ziegfeld production "The Century Girl"

much as a sou. The money is already spent when these opening nights are pulled off. The costumes have been paid, the scene painters have been paid, the artists and printers and advertising men have got their money. The costly "props" are all paid for. A big staff of workers are paid. And all this before we know whether the audience—which holds every producer at the mercy of its whim—would turn its critical thumbs up and let the show continue or turn them down with the order to "Haul that dramatic corpse to the storehouse and let it rest there for all time."

However, I could not blame my friend for believing that this producing business is a great thing, a sure fortune and a path of roses hedged with yellow-backs. It seems to be the belief of the average layman.

But it isn't true. There is absolutely nothing

THE people in the cast take a big gamble. They are glad to get the parts and they study and rehearse week after week. If it is a musical production it takes longer to rehearse. The dances must be learned. And they get no salaries until the show opens. If it is a go their salaries are regular. If the show is a frost, they must go the rounds of the booking offices or agencies looking for another engagement, putting down the days and weeks lost in rehearsing on the loss side of their ledgers.

The average gambler who bets a thousand on what the weather will be Fourth of July will positively shudder at the idea of putting down in advance from \$25,000 to four times that on a gamble that a fickle public will like the show.

We are all gamblers. The hard-working little man and woman who struggle to get over a little vaudeville sketch are just as big gamblers in their way as we big producers. They risk about all they have and more than they can afford. They rehearse and waste good time and have drops and costumes made and then go around to the little "Show-me" houses for a try-out. They put on their act for nothing for three or four days, and struggle to have a few booking agents come in and see it.

If it doesn't get over big, the booking agents will shake their heads. And it may be that it isn't the right locality for that act, it may be that the wrong sort of audiences patronize that particular little theatre. The players are taking a big chance, it is their gamble. On the other hand, if it goes well, they may get forty straight weeks booking in big time, which will mean forty weeks of big salaries.

O. Henry was a (Concluded on page 53)



© Sarony
Billie Burke (Mrs. Florenz
Ziegfeld, Jr.) and her baby



Alice Boughton

THE FULLER SISTERS

At a series of matinees at the Punch and Judy Theatre recently Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller were seen in more of their charming recitals of English, Irish, and Scottish folk songs. The artistry with which these English women invest the quaint old British ballads, the subtle charm and grace of their every movement, makes their performance a delight



© Ira L. Hill

RUTH LAW

The American girl who astonished the world recently and broke all records by making a continuous flight from Chicago to New York will go shortly on a lecture tour

SOME INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

—AND ON THE OTHER HAND

By FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.



WHEN the experienced theatrical producer wants strictly unbiased criticism of one of his productions he drifts into the crowded foyer of his theatre, stands meekly and modestly out of the way, and keeps both ears open. The remarks that he overhears are from people who have paid good money to see his show, and, consequently have the right to express their opinion.

I have gathered valuable points in this manner. But, I also hear statements that make me decidedly peevish—exclamations of envy at the “untold wealth” the average theatre-goer thinks we producers stow away in our coffers.



THE other evening I was standing in the foyer of the Century Theatre, trying to get a line on just which of the features seemed to take best, when I overheard this old-time remark: “Oh, the money that the public just pours into the coffers of the theatrical bunch!”

“You bet,” replied the man’s companion, “they rake off a fortune every night. They take out the salaries to players and the few house employees and the rest is all velvet—some business!”

This sort of conversation makes us want to take those chaps by the arm, lead them into the office and show them a few columns of figures under the general heading “expense” that would make them gasp for breath and stop such talk.

It is true that the successful production certainly brings in a great amount of money nightly—to the man on a salary it is an amazing sum of money. But on the other hand, a lot of it goes out. These “on-the-other-hand” figures, representing our expenses, go right on whether the evening is too hot or too cold or too wet or too blizzardy for good attendance, they keep right on all the time and they must be paid. We have already risked a big fortune to produce the show before knowing whether it will have a long run on Broadway or go to its eternal sleep in the storehouse.

The man who believes that after we have paid

the performers and the “few” theatre employees, we have the remainder as “velvet,” should get his thinking apparatus straightened out. He is all wrong. In “The Century Girl” there are two hundred and fifty employees who—with the exception of the men in the box office—never appear before the public. Yet they are absolutely necessary to the success of the production. They get union wages, or better.

“Only the stars get big money” is another common expression from this army who believe we producers are rolling in wealth.

Consider the salaries paid by the average business man, whether it be insurance or can-openers, or any other line. His manager seldom gets more than \$50 a week, with an assistant at \$30 a week and a score or more of other employees from office boys to clerks with salaries ranging from \$4 to \$25 a week, and the majority of them under \$18.

The lowest priced performer who steps on our stage gets \$25 a week. From \$40 to \$50 a week is the average salary for good show girls—some get as high as \$75. The others who play parts, including stars, receive anywhere from \$100 to \$2,000 a week.

Look at the cast of the average big production of to-day and make a mental calculation as to what the weekly pay roll would be for salaries alone—to say nothing of the two hundred and fifty other employees who never appear before the audience.

These are just a few of the “on-the-other-hand” figures.



CONSIDER our stage-hands—they get good union wages. Our orchestra members all get union wages except the leader, who gets \$150 a week. Then there is an army of clerks, stenographers, publicity men, high-salaried officials, wardrobe women, sewing women, artists, ushers, box office men, advertising experts and many, many others. They are not working for their health, not by any means. The big majority of them are skilled in their line of work and re-

ceive a salary commensurate with their skill.

Your small town theatre can borrow “props” from every store in town, without cost, simply by printing on the program: “Chairs from Seatum Furniture Co., etc.” That sort of thing doesn’t go in Gotham. Nowadays “props” are “practical,” that is, a chair must be a chair, a mahogany table must be a mahogany table, silk draperies must be silk. And we have to buy them, we have them made to order, and by the time they are used for a busy season every evening, the repair bill is enough to furnish the average home, without mentioning the original cost.



IT is an absolute fact that our “props” for “The Century Girl” cost us between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars.

You, Mr. Theatre-goer, may have noticed that our performers are somewhat dressed up—yes? Constantly dressed up and re-dressed up.

It not only cost us \$135,000 to costume “The Century Girl,” but that does not include the shoes, made to order at \$12 to \$15 the pair, nor the silken hosiery, at \$2 to \$4 the pair. We must buy the best grade for economy’s sake. We buy at wholesale, all pure white and have them dyed in various tints to match our costumes. We use hats—creations—many that are to be carried and not worn, just to complete the effect. Yet these are real hats with real feathers and velvets and chiffons and other things—hats that might well be the envy of any well-dressed woman.

Any mother who attempts to keep the stockings of three youngsters mended will appreciate the task of keeping in condition scores and scores of pairs of stockings that are yanked on in a frenzy of hurry during a quick change, yanked off again even more hurriedly and repeated day after day, week after week.

Every hat, gown, and other garment must be hung up carefully in dustproof closets, or put in dustproof boxes. They must be watched closely and repaired (Concluded on page 62)



White

Frances White and the Fishing Girls
in the “Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic”



Photo White

STUART WALKER IN LORD DUNSANY'S FANTASY "THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN"

Stuart Walker is a newcomer on the stage, but his tiny portable playhouse, known as the Portmanteau Theatre, has already passed the experimental period and successfully established itself on Broadway. This virile, handsome actor brings to the boards not only a singular charm of personality, but sound judgment and new ideas which he presents with fine authority and an artistic, poetic, unconventional touch that at once compels attention

THE WITCHERY OF THE WIG

By PERRITON MAXWELL



WHEN that resourceful old play-producer, Aeschylus, put on the first theatrical representation in which a stage and costumes were employed, he not only anticipated David Belasco, and his brother æsthete, G. Michael Cohan, by some twenty-four centuries in the matter of dramatic realism, but his necessities gave birth to the character wig.

Wigs have as assuredly made and unmade plays as any other factor behind the footlights. Put a good actor in an ill-fitting wig and see what happens; and good actors and actresses have been compelled to "go on" wearing hairy top-pieces that have turned their serious lines into comedy and their comic speeches into hysteria. What a precious volume of stage statistics might be prepared by some one with a gift for such earnest plodding, if the "hits" and "flivvers" of the past ten years should be analyzed in terms of good and bad wiggyery!

In the motion picture world the wig is at once a bane and a compulsion. No audience would be convinced of the verity of a Klondike mob scene or Western dance-hall episode were not a major portion of the actors decked out in uncouth capillary fringe. Nor could a Michigan lumber camp be presented without having nine-tenths of the men "bearded like the pard" and bewigged like a French poodle. And by the same token no raging multitude of commoners, no group of sailormen, no horde or regiment of any era from the Pleioscene age to the siege and occupation of Los Angeles, can conceivably be pictured without a vast and smothering facial fungus for each of the players with the solitary exception of the "star," who, in whatever epoch he finds himself, seems to have been born with a razor in his pocket. Appalling thousands of good round dollars are spent every week in producing screen dramas of exquisite natural beauty, carefully studied costume and interior details and well-directed action only to be ruined by some startling crudity of wig or beard. In the superbly presented picture, "An Enemy to the King," in which E. H. Sothern appears with convincing art and interest he wears a beard so vividly false and dense as to make one's eyes ache with the intensity of its outstanding blackness. A little care in matching the hair-coloring of players to the general tone of their environment would spare many a snicker in the audience.



AWAY back in the dark ages of the Biograph when Mary Pickford was being taught the rudiments of motion picture acting by the then unknown D. W. Griffith, she conceived the notion of adding to her own generous crop of hair a brace of side curls. How much these curls have helped along the vogue of "Our Mary" no one will ever know, but the Pickford curls are to-day a golden asset and of far-flung fame and a thousand imitators are smirking from between their alien twisted locks in screen offerings from the Bronx to Cairo and from Tottenham Court Road to the purlieu of Painted Post.

Another instance of wig witchery was demonstrated during the out of town "try outs" of "Turn to the Right," the first and most notable of the season's comedy successes. Ruth Chester, playing the character of Mrs. Bascombe, the appealing mother of the piece, dressed her part



Mary Garden's wondrous tresses in "Pelleas et Melisande" which are reputed to have cost \$1,000

The Mary Pickford curls represent a golden asset

stage-craft to turn upon the set and coloring of a wig and yet the play did not begin to win its way to great popularity until Miss Chester had presented the mother in a snow-white wig smoothed down over forehead and ears after the manner of gentle mothers from time immemorial.

In its two-thousand-four-hundred-and-eighty-six years of usefulness the stage wig has stubbornly maintained its high place in the esteem and on the craniums of actor folk. If it has failed to evolve astonishingly far beyond its original clay and rope-yarn estate, it is, at least, an indispensable of the "costume play" of to-day precisely as it was among the theatric ancients.

The hirsute headgear of histrionics faced a near-Waterloo of custom and precedent when, some dozen years ago, Col. Henry W. Savage

conceived the idea of selecting players according to their physical similarity to the demanded types in one of his productions, rather than a reliance upon wigs, removable whiskers and the too adventitious aids of the make-up box. That was the beginning of a new era in dramatic character delineations, as it was the beginning of a commercial decline in the wig universal. And the plan of employing an actor because of his own God-given semblance to the playwright's creation, was pushed so far as to demand of the former that he should grow his very own beard, or eschew the cleanly hair cut, when his part called for such a sacrifice of personal pride.



BUT the wig is still with us, mighty in the "movies" if less approved on the stage. In notable screen productions like "Intolerance" and "Civilization" and "A Daughter of the Gods" the wig is triumphantly present—sometimes more than insistent in its wiggishness. And in spectacular presentations and musical comedy it is equally profuse and apparent, for an obvious reason. That it may long wave before the footlights should be the wish of every theatre-goer, for whatever its limitations, this transferring crown of hair has a magic all its own, a charm brooking no substitute, a witchery undeniable.

As in all things else the gentle wig is a sufferer from the European war. Close upon half a million dollars' worth of human hair was imported into this country before civilization beyond the Atlantic surrendered itself to Mars and the business of wholesale slaughter. When "Juliet" in her moonlit chamber unloosens her back hair and it falls, a ripping glory to her heels, it may not, perhaps, occur to you that you are viewing a master-made wig and that it is composed of selected strands from the heads of a score of women peasants of Bavaria, Belgium and Southern France. It is the fact. When Marguerite walks into her garden and the snares of Mephistopheles, her bright yellow braids hanging with heavy beauty over her shoulders are not her own but have been painfully constructed from material garnered in far corners of the earth and assembled in a New York wig-maker's loft. Mary Garden's wondrous tresses in "Pelléas et Melisande" are reputed to have cost one thousand dollars, though my hair manipulating friends all agree no wig can be made to cost over \$400 short of weaving among its coils alternate strings of solid gold. In the days of "Maryland" the story that Mrs. Leslie Carter's cranial curtain of fire was a wig worth \$750, got itself frequently printed. The tale was unjust to Mrs. Carter for it was her own vast and russet calash which swept the sky as she swung to and fro from the tongue of a towered bell.

That the wig is no longer popular with women players is evidenced in the fact that even where eccentric character parts are essayed, most actresses manipulate their own hirsute adornment to meet the most

(Concluded on page 58)



From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

E D I T H T A L I A F E R R O

One of the favorite portrayers of young heroines on the stage, now successfully aiding and abetting the adventures of "Captain Kidd Jr." at the Cohan and Harris Theatre

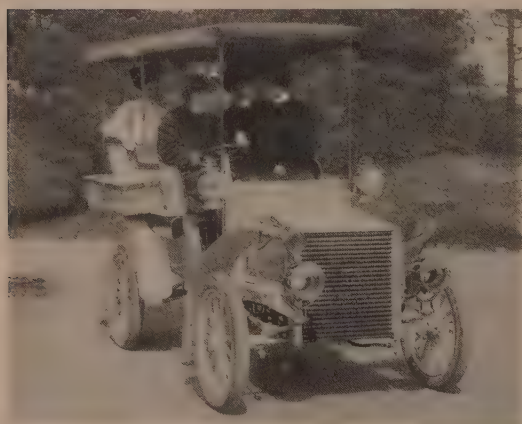
PLAYERS' CARS OF YESTERDAY—HOW TIMES



Do you realize the immense improvements that have been made in the automobile during the last decade? Cars change almost as often as women's fashions. Isn't it funny to see Trixie Friganza (see illustration No. 1) in that old style



Studebaker Electric, and Julia Sanderson and her mother (No. 2) in a make which has since disappeared! And won't Blanche Ring (No. 3) be amused to see herself running the old Darracq? The aristocratic looking dame on the right (No. 4) is



Julia Marlowe wrestling with a Columbia Electric. No. 5 is a White Incomparable in which Maxine Elliott is taking some friends for a leisurely spin. On the right of this (No. 6) we see Frances Starr in an old style Aerocar. At the bottom, Anna Held is piloting an old fashioned Maxwell, with Jessie Busley on her right smiling at us from a Winton Sixteen Six

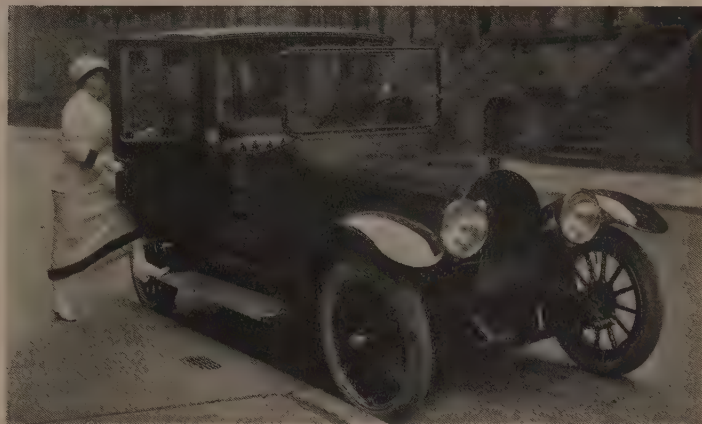


DO CHANGE!— THE CARS OF TODAY



© Aime Dupont

Elsie Janis lets her dog enjoy a ride in her *Willys-Overland*



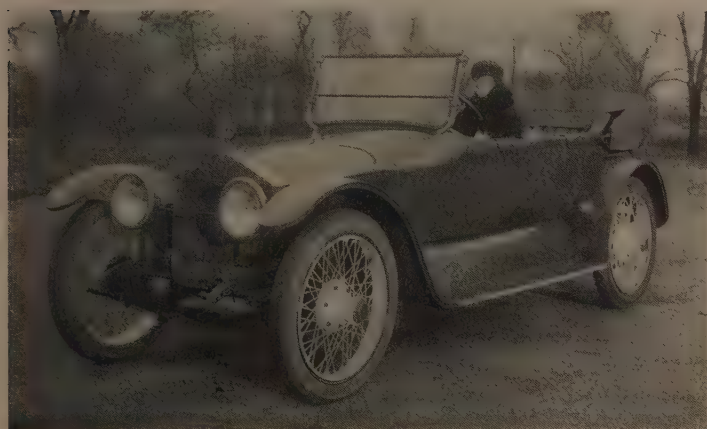
Annette Kellermann starting for a spin in her 6/38 *Victoria KisselKar*



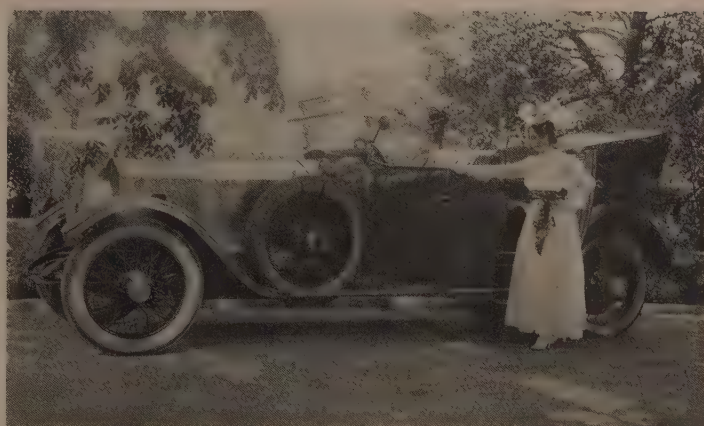
Gail Kane making a call in her *Owen Magnetic*



Edith Storey, of movie fame, in her *Winton Six*

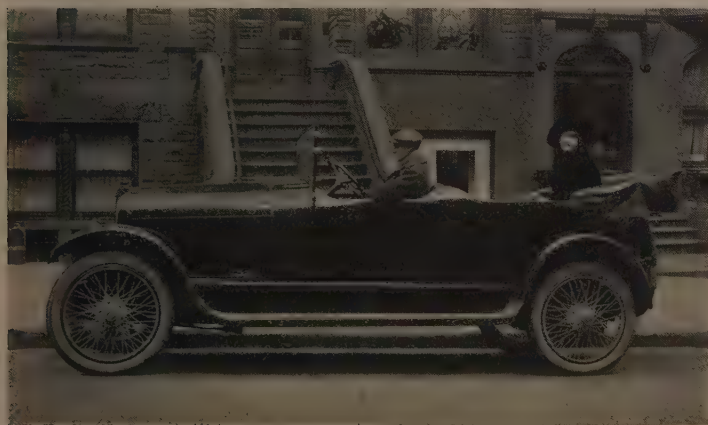


Clara Joel does not mind the cold in her *Roamer*



© Aime Dupont

Billie Burke's *Rolls Royce* is a favorite among her many cars



Byron

Marguerite Leslie, lately of Cyril Maude's company, enjoying a run in her *Nordyke Marmon*



Maurice and Florence Walton on their way to "The Century Girl" in their 60 H. P. *Issoba Fraschini*

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



TWENTY-FIVE years ago Henry Hull made his début on the stage of life in an infant rôle in Louisville, Ky. His father was William Hull, dramatic critic of the *Courier Journal*. Henry Hull's two elder brothers, Howard and Shelley, went upon the stage. Howard was for a short time an actor, but while assisting George



HENRY HULL

Riddle in the production of a Greek play at Berkeley, Cal., for Margaret Anglin, the young man wooed and won Miss Anglin, since which time he has assisted in the management of her career. Shelly was leading man for Billie Burke and created the title rôle of "The Cinderella Man." Henry Hull had cast himself for a civil engineer. But the call of the stage was louder than the jingle of brass apparatus with technical names. He secured for his first engagement the part of Joe White, a negro who is lynched in the first act of "The Nigger." Mr. Brady engaged him to play this short, vivid part with Holbrook Blinn in the road production. After a season's interval, again entered Mr. Brady, with Mr. Hull's first part on Broadway, one of the young men in "Believe Me, Zantippe." It was Mr. Brady who promoted him to the honor of leading man, his rank in "The Man Who Came Back" at the Playhouse, where he plays the reformed young rake with realism yet with restraint. Mr. Hull has also acted in summer stock.



BY two well-played scenes, but particularly by the scene in which she woos a young man in the play, "The Harp of Life," Lynn Fontanne won the welcome that New York usually accords to the worthy stranger within its gates. Miss Fontanne made a small part stand out with



LYNN FONTANNE

cameo distinctness by reason of the incisiveness and emotional force of her acting. Few young women of the stage, not even her own niece, has enjoyed the privilege of Ellen Terry's instruction in the art of the stage. Miss Fontanne, as the rest of the world, knew that the charming veteran seldom honors an aspirant by any coaching. Bearing a letter of introduction she expected little more than a word of advice and perhaps a note or two to some managerial friends. Miss Terry

asked her seventeen-year-old visitor to recite. This Miss Fontanne did. When she had finished the girl was delighted to hear in the dulcet Terry tones: "I will coach you for the stage. It will be a great pleasure my dear. You have great talent but you must have the corners rounded off." For a year Miss Fontanne had the exceptional benefit of training by England's most beloved actress. Later she secured an engagement as an understudy in a Drury Lane pantomime. At a matinée she had an opportunity to play one of the principal rôles. Mr. Weedon

Grossmith, who was in the audience, saw her. He engaged her for his company, in which she remained two years. Laurette Taylor saw her in London in "My Lady's Dress" and induced George Tyler to bring her to this country.



THE way of Tom Powers to Broadway was paved by hard work. True, Nature bestowed good looks and good humor. He is the son of a banker and was consecrated to the stage by his drama-loving mother before he was born. When he was three years old he was sent to a ballet school, that he might be trained in suppleness. At sixteen he was a pupil of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He studied dramatic construction. He wrote, produced and acted in plays in a little theatre he was permitted to build in the attic of his father's home. He is the son of Colonel Joshua D. Powers, of



TOM POWERS

Louisville, Ky. He was born in Owensboro, Ky. He is a nephew of Hiram Powers, the sculptor of the Greek Slave. Tom Powers has himself done worthy work in modelling and on canvas. He modelled a bronze faun which has place in Hubbards' Gardens, one of the parks of London. What has he done upon the stage? He joined a troupe of pantomimists one season. He worked in playing at summer resorts stock companies in New Jersey. He is the Tom

Powers of the Vitagraph's Western cowboy films, that star him. He played in vaudeville in his own "Monologue of the Movies." He created the boy hero of "Mr. Lazarus," and is playing, in the same season, the name rôle of "Mile-a-Minute Kendal."



OTTO KRUGER, who has exalted lovable boyishness to the ninety-ninth degree, by his portrayal of the name rôle "Captain Kidd, Jr." includes in his creed, "I believe in the repertoire stock company. I believe that it is the best preparatory school for the stage." Though faithful to the repertoire stock he did not adhere to any one company of that ilk. He accepted engagements wherever they offered. In his stage pilgrim progress he frequented the Middle West, his ultimate "stand" being Kansas City. All the while the actor heard the faint, sweet, siren call of Broadway. But, resolute mariner on the sea of life, he stopped his ears to the tempting sounds. He knew he was not ready. Remained for him a score or more of leading parts to master. On the first day of his arrival in New York he was engaged to create a part in "The Lure." Again less than twenty-four hours were allotted him for the study of his rôle. "Then I knew that repertoire stock is a good school," he said. After that he joined the Cohan and Harris forces.



OTTO KRUGER

MARGOT KELLY has the most abundant, natural red hair on the world's stage. Moreover it covers an exceedingly active brain. A further gift is an extremely adaptable personality. Enough persons saw the brief lived "A Little Bit of Fluff," imported from England, to register approval when they saw its



MARGOT KELLY

heroine in distinctly opposed work, in the pantomime, "Pierrot the Prodigal," soon afterwards produced by Mr. Winthrop Ames. Asked three days before the opening of the pantomime whether she could play a silent part effectively, she replied, "Certainly," and events proved her a prophetess of good. As Miss Kelly's name indicates, she is Irish. At sixteen she witnessed a play and was at once bitten with the desire to become a mime. The Gordian knot of parental opposition she cut by running away from home. Her first engagement was in "Priscilla Runs Away," in which she played a merry little slavey with a red nose and a pig tail. She was next cast for Cinderella in a provincial Christmas pantomime, after which she went to London and made her début at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss Kelly's greatest London success was as Virginia in "Grumpy." Two engagements in musical comedy followed and a star part in "The Girl from Upstairs."



THE oft heard "In New York your waiter may be a count" is proven true in the case of Robert Fischer, who plays, with delightful finesse and suggestion, the waiter in "Our Little Wife." Mr. Fischer is of the Polish nobility. He was born in Dantzig. He went to school in



ROBERT FISCHER

the German city. Thence he went to Leipzig to study political economy. He entered the Guard regiment as a volunteer. After a year's service he became a non-commissioned officer. He resigned from the army to go to the Schauspielhaus, starting his career on the stage. It was rigid discipline but invaluable the young Polish nobleman and ex-officer of the Guard received at the Schauspielhaus. Two days only were allotted for the study of parts, no matter how long nor complex. But they had the privilege of playing with and under the direction of the greatest actors on the German stage. Mr. Fischer recalls playing in one performance of "Julius Caesar," when Hedwig Reicher played the messenger and he was one of the tributes. He came with a cousin to America and joined a German stock company in Cincinnati. In New York he played motion pictures, doing daredevil feats on horseback. He joined The Deadlock Company. Afterwards he was Professor Bachr with "Little Women." Then into vaudeville, then the innkeeper rôle in "Under Fire."



From a portrait by Sarony

P A T R I C I A C O L L I N G E

The charming heroine of "Pollyanna" who radiates gladness and happiness not only to the members of the cast, but also to audiences at the Hudson Theatre



Margaret Illington, Rae Selwyn and Walter Jones in "Our Little Wife" at the Harris



Harrison Hunter, Katherine La Salle and Margaret Wycherly in "The 13th Chair" at the 48th Street



Photos White

Anna Held and some of the chorus in "Follow Me" at the Casino

SUCCESSFUL FARCE, DRAMA AND MUSICAL COMEDY ON BROADWAY

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY



BRAMHALL. "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES." Comedy in four acts by Butler Davenport. Produced on November 8th with this cast:

Frederick Lowell	Charles Edwards
Louise Lowell	Margaret Campbell
Evelyn Lowell	Jane Winslow
Alice Lowell	Ethel Hallor
Paul Lowell	William Sherwood
Mrs. Edith Dalton	Anne Parry
Miss Donovan	Eleanor Bancroft

MR. BUTLER DAVENPORT'S Bramhall Playhouse is a charming little theatre. Its gold and grey interior, with the artificial sunlight at the windows, delights the eye; and its wide cane chairs soothe the weary anatomy.

"Keeping Up Appearances," with which he opened the season, seems a dramatization of a celebrated criminal case of yesteryear, to which have been added touches of "King Lear" and of shabby gentility. Frederick Lowell has a splendid wife, a noble son, and two ingrate daughters. Since before the birth of the youngest, however, he has preferred the domestic society of Edith Dalton, who has devoted her life to him.

The maternal Mrs. Lowell, deserted for a mere "female," as she herself explains, harassed by her selfish daughters, and sustained only by her true-blue son, gives her life to the dreary business of keeping up appearances. On a too-scant allowance she maintains the semblance of a home and of respectability until her daughters are disposed of and her son gets a start in business.

When the child of her husband and Edith Dalton is killed by a fall, Mrs. Lowell and her husband's mistress come together in a scene of strong interest and admirable restraint. The wife abandons the no longer necessary life of hypocrisy, frees her husband, and finds solace in her boy.

Not bad material that, if only it were treated with distinction and could be relieved of some of its gloom. But the dialogue is often stilted, and the opportunity for clever satire is usually missed.

The acting is for the most part sufficient, and that of Margaret Campbell, as the wife, is remarkably intelligent, sympathetic, and fine.

COMEDY. "TRIFLES," "ANOTHER WAY OUT," "BUSHIDO," "ALTRUISM."

One-act plays presented on November 13th with the following players:

T. W. Gibson, Arthur E. Hohl, John King, Marjorie Vonnegut, Elinor M. Cox, Gwladys Wynne, Jean Robb, Jose Ruben, Helen Westley, Robert Strange, Evelyn Chard, Spalding Hall, Annetta Conterno, Richard Gray, Florence Enright, Edward Balzerit, Frank Longacre, Pendleton King, Charles E. Swarts, Ralph Murphy, Glenn Hunter, Eugene Lincoln, Katherine Cornell.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS can always be depended upon for something fresh and original.

Their latest bill is particularly rich in offerings, combining both these qualities while the acting capacity of the organization has gone up a distinct notch.

"Trifles," Susan Glaspell's little play is an ingenious study in feminine ability at inductive and deductive analysis by which two women through trifles bring out the motive for a murder. As the protagonists, Marjorie Vonnegut and Elinor M. Cox are true to life in the repressive subtlety of their work.

"Another Way Out," by Lawrence Langner, is a clever one-act amorality in which the advanced ideas of an unconventional couple of artists is presented with a laughable cynicism not unworthy of Schnitzler. Admirably telling is the work of Jose Ruben and Gwladys Wynne as the affinities; their opposites contrastingly comic as presented by Robert Strange and Helen Westley. Jean Robb contributes a nice bit.

"Bushido," a Japanese historical tragedy from the original of Izumo, is the *pièce de resistance*. As a production—scenery and costumes—it is exquisite in its reproduction of the Occidental spirit; tempo, tone and traits are all perfectly attuned.

The vital personages of this drama of loyal sacrifice are vividly presented by Mr. Ruben and Miss Vonnegut as the couple who yield up their son.

NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE. "THE INCA OF PERUSALEM," "THE QUEEN'S ENEMIES," "GREAT CATHERINE." Produced on November 14th with this cast:

Albert J. Carroll, Erskine Sanford, Arthur Wood, Alice Lewisohn, Hubert Osborne, C. Haviland Chappell, Wells Spaulding, George Abbott, Dorie

Sawyer, Leslie Austen, Louise Coleman, David Kimball, Gertrude Kingston, Henley Edwards, Nell Compton-Mackenzie, Colin Campbell, Walter Ringham.

THE performances of the Neighborhood Playhouse have deservedly taken rank among the most artistic and interesting of the local stage. The recent bill headed by Gertrude Kingston and now being presented at the Maxine Elliott is one of the best yet given.

The Kaiser, the nobility, democracy, the United States, war, nationalism, and humanity are among the targets at which Bernard Shaw fires his broadsides in "The Inca of Perusalem." The Inca comes to a Continental hotel to inspect a possible wife for one of his sons. His interview, however, is with the archduchess's maid, the wife of an ex-millionaire. That's all the piece is—an interview. It is all clearly Shaw, but a tired Shaw.

In "The Queen's Enemies" Lord Dunsany continues the romantic tradition. The foemen are banqueted by her Majesty in an Aida-like tomb. Protesting amity, she cajoles them into eating the food they at first fear is poisoned. She yields to them the rights and territory they demand. Then she locks them in the trap and turns on the Nile, and we listen to their death-gurgles in the darkness. The production is remarkably picturesque and engrossing.

"Great Catherine," oddly enough, is full of movement. Much of it, in fact, is Keystone comedy. Miss Kingston is satisfying as Catherine, though somewhat lacking in appropriate animal spirits.

HARRIS. "OUR LITTLE WIFE." Play in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced Nov. 18th. Cast:

"Dodo" Warren	Margaret Illington
Herbert Warren	Lowell Sherman
"Bobo" Brown	Walter Jones
Angie	Gwendolyn Piers
Doctor Elliott	Charles Hampden
Tommy Belden	Effingham Pinto
Francois	Robert Fischer
Fanny Elliott	Rae Selwyn
Burke	Thos. F. O'Malley
George Haywood	Joseph McManus

ANYONE who thinks Miss Illington can't play farce has another guess coming. There is no one in these parts, save Madge Kennedy, who can compete with her. As "Our

Little Wife" she is exotic and polyandrous as well as more Pollyannish than Pollyanna herself.

Ring-mistress of a troupe of performing "tame cats," "Dodo" Warren is also married to a jealous husband who wears his handkerchief in his cuff and presently turns out to be the well-known "athletic" young man who pronounces it "schedual." Said husband happens to be Lowell Sherman, who earlier in the season was "The Guilty Man."

When he sics his friend, Walter Jones, on wife to see how far she'll go, she goes all the way to Walter's bachelor apartment, where she proves beyond question that if she is ten degrees above, he is twenty degrees below normal. The usual blunders of traditional farce bring down upon Walter an avalanche of women—and husbands. Then comes the door-slammings.

Eventually divorce is avoided. It's all been mere philandering, and "Dodo"—far from being an extinct bird—promises to eschew "tame cats" forever. Then enters a new character—hubby's lawyer—and she begins all over again, cajoling, alluring, inherently and inevitably polyandrous. Friend Husband is as ever in the rear of the procession.

For the most part, "Our Little Wife" is bright as to dialogue and funny as to situation. The last act is the weakest: Mr. Hopwood has not yet learned how to construct last acts for his farces. The acting is excellent, particularly that of Effingham Pinto and of Robert Fischer, as a burlesque French waiter.

48TH STREET. "THE 13TH CHAIR." Drama in three acts by Bayard Veiller. Produced on November 20th with this cast:

Helen O'Neill	Katherine La Salle
Will Crosby	Calvin Thomas
Mrs. Crosby	Martha Mayo
Roscoe Crosby	Gardner Crane
Edward Wales	S. K. Walker
Mary Eastwood	Eva Condon
Helen Trent	Sarah Whiteford
Grace Standish	Ethel West
Braddish Trent	Charles Lait
Howard Standish	Walter Lewis
Philip Mason	George Graham
Elizabeth Erskine	Alice Claire Elliott
Pollock	A. T. Hendon
Rosalie La Grange	Margaret Wycherly
Tim Donohue	Harrison Hunter
Sergeant Dunn	Walter Young
Doolan	Charles Fayton

UP to the time of going to press, no one so far has come forward with a claim to authorship in "The 13th Chair," so we'll have to

let it go, and with glad acclaim, too, that Bayard Veiller, by his lonesome, has written the most absorbing detective melodrama of the present generation.

So far the press has Masonically united in keeping its dénouement a secret. It would be unpardonable to tell in advance who it was who committed the double murder. To give the plot away would be like printing the final chapter as a preface to "the Leavenworth Case." If you are a theatre-goer take my word for it that the show at the 48th Street Theatre is one that will grip you from the rise of the curtain to the ultimate fall thereof. It's spooky, too, with many a thrill lurking within its well-knit structure, for Mr. Veiller has constructed a play of a really superior technical kind.

At a mediumistic seance, really held to find out who it was that killed a certain man, the insistent seeker for the truth is himself murdered in exactly the same way. Who did it? Ah, who indeed, for the finger of suspicion points first this way and then that, until in the words of the song "'E don't know where 'e are."

The leading rôle, the aged Irish medium, falls to the lot of the author's wife, Margaret Wycherly, who invests it with vivid emotional and humorous expression. It is a characterization of extreme artistic value. The perplexed Police Inspector is glibly and convincingly set forth by Harrison Hunter, and his diction is always a pleasure—while the heroine's sufferings are feelingly depicted by Katharine La Salle.

PRINCESS. "SUCH IS LIFE." Comedy in three acts by Harold Owen. Produced on November 25th with this cast:

Philip Gayton	Sam Sothern
Edith Gayton	Ann Cleaver
Julius Crankshaw	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Leslie Crankshaw	Cathleen Nesbitt
Mrs. Haviland	Kate Serjeantson
Angus Ferguson	Edward Douglas
Bertha	Winifred Mason

THIS piece written by Harold Owen, an anonymity to this public, served only for disaster in introducing Mr. Sam Sothern on a ventured visit from England. This actor's name commends him; he is not without achievement in comedy; and no doubt will give us something worth the while in due course, but "Such Is Life" failed from the first moment of the curtain's going up,

throughout, at every step, until its final going down. A curious study in ineptness it was in its week's stay, unrelieved by definite intent or idea. A young engineer, not at all unmindful of or faithless to his wife, loves a married woman living in the same apartment house. He cherishes the theory that a man can love two women at the same time. He philosophizes through three acts, nothing coming of it, nothing expected to come of it. It was not a play, it was barely an episode.

Ferdinand Gottschalk, usually effective in character comedy, was entirely lost despite enormous labor to make his points and get laughter.

GLOBE. "THE HARP OF LIFE." Play in three acts by J. Hartley Manners. Produced on November 27th with this cast:

Sylvia Vorona	Laurette Taylor
Zelia Vorona	Gail Kane
Elizabeth Hood	Ffolliott Paget
Olive Hood	Lynn Fontanne
Marshall Brooke	Philip Merivale
Leonard Brooke	Dion Titheradge
Godfrey Saxon	Frank Kemble Cooper

NO didactic play ever written, never played to any appreciable extent on the harp of life. We all know the lines:

"Love took up the Harp of Life and smote all the chords with might! Smote the chord of Self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Mr. Manners smote the harp of life in the interest of his wife, Laurette Taylor, an actress whose personal charm would pervade and irradiate a tract or homily, in the form of drama, on theology.

"The Harp of Life" is little more than that. It is replete with wisdom concerning eugenics. A wife of thirty-six has a son of nineteen, who has been her constant companion and who has been reared by her to reverence purity. We learn all this in a talk between her and the mother of the girl who has been selected for him as wife. The mother of the girl has told her daughter none of the secrets of life, but there is no reason to believe that the maiden is any the worse for it. She is willing enough to marry the boy, but he does not love her. Without the knowledge of his mother and father he has fallen in love with a woman with a past. He absents himself from home for one night. He is so good and dutiful that the extraordinary happening leads to inquiries and the discovery of his affair. Then we have

drama. The mother and father visit the questionable woman and persuade her to renounce the boy. She sees the reasonableness of the request, and, without much emotion, disposes of the youngster. That is all. The momentarily errant boy will marry the good girl.

This good girl, played by Lynn Fontanne, was by far the most interesting character in the play. Miss Fontanne shone with spirit and down-right good sense. Her speech and movements were animated, and with a voice responding to passing moods and with movements that had life in them, she smote the harp of life in you with might.

Laurette Taylor was satisfied with being softly, sweetly charming. With the most astonishing monotony of tone she met every situation placidly. Without a gesture of more than three inches in circumference she expressed grief, anxiety, emotion of all degrees of intensity. Has she acquired this method of repression in England? Has she gained this feeling of security from her long playing of Peg, in which the inflections of wit in the speeches obviated the need of inflections of the voice? At any rate, the method of acting will not answer in this play or in many others. As we remember Laurette Taylor in her earlier performances, when she was establishing herself, she was all animation, inflection, fire, spirit, coquetry. She smote the chords. She does not with the method employed in "The Harp of Life."

PORTMANTEAU. "THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN," "SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL," "NEVERTHELESS." Presented at the 39th Street Theatre on November 27th with the following players:

Stuart Walker, Gregory Kelly, Lew Medbury, Edmond Crenshaw, Willard Webster, Edgar Stehli, McKay Morris, Frank J. Zimmerer, Ward Thornton, Robert Cook, Florence Wollersen, Judith Lowry, Nancy Winston, Dorothea Carothers, Gtruda Tristjanski, and Agnes Rogers.

IF Mr. Stuart Walker's activities with a portable theatre meant nothing more than a passing novelty they would not attract the attention that they are receiving and which they deserve. He has a sense of color and an artistic touch that give him individual distinction.

The principal play done at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre is "The Gods of the Mountain," in three short acts, by Lord Dunsany, an Englishman who has the trick of

writing in what may be described as the fifth dimension. His scenes are usually "somewhere in" the Nowhere. In one of his little plays the dead live, pick the lock of the gate of Heaven and find it empty for them. In "The Gods of the Mountain," a group of beggars pretend to be the Gods that have sat in sculptured state in the remote recesses of the mountain. They receive homage, food and gifts. The real Gods, in jade, monstrous in aspect and size, heavy of tread, with the rumble of the elements and between flashes of lightning, appear and turn the beggars to stone. This is simple enough. It is fantastic, theatrical, effective, with such philosophy in it as one may find in the dark. This final effect of the change into stone might have been better done in some other production, but Mr. Walker's stagecraft in the matter is so weird, fantastic and illusive that one would have to wait long and go far to get more satisfaction from it.

BANDBOX. "THE PARDON." Play in three acts by Jules Lemaitre, translated by Barrett H. Clark. Produced on November 28th with the following cast:

Susanne	Olive Tell
Therese	Margaret Moreland
Georges	Douglas J. Wood

TO the French playwright life is just one triangle after another. "The Pardon" contains two, the second proving the antidote to the first.

Georges, a young inventor, has married a still younger wife. Finding that a husband is not the same thing as a lover, she has impetuously sought happiness with another man. Later she is sincerely repentant, and Georges, at the instigation of their common friend, Thérèse, takes her back. They agree to forget, but Georges, tortured by his jealousy, in turn tortures Suzanne with inquiries into the details of her adventure. He never kisses her but fears comparison. The situation seems hopeless.

Thérèse sympathizes with Georges. She has made a marriage of convenience after failing to win him as a husband. Much talk between them of love and jealousy turns out to be playing with fire. Georges kisses her. Thereafter he stops torturing Suzanne, who brings down the second act curtain with the plaintive cry: "I loved him better when he was disagreeable!"

In Act III there is a splendidly written scene between the two

women. Georges has tired of Thérèse. Suzanne has learned of their relations. Thérèse, realizing the situation, goes away. Their equal guilt becomes a new bond between husband and wife.

As Suzanne, Olive Tell was altogether effective and charming. Margaret Moreland was excellent as Thérèse. Mr. Wood, too, deserves credit for his intelligent portrayal of the priggish, commonplace, unreasonable, conceited Georges.

"The Pardon" is another praiseworthy step in that little theatre movement which may yet save our drama from the bow-wows.

LYCEUM. "MILE-A-MINUTE KENDALL." Comedy in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced on November 28th with this cast:

Jim Evans	William Sampson
Amelia	Helen Lowell
Judge Weeks	Burr McIntosh
Eddie Semper	Hobart Cavanaugh
Joan Evans	Edythe Lyle
Jack Kendall	Tom Powers
Beth	Beatrice Noyes
Rose Howard	Adele Blood
Philip Lund	Joseph Kilgour
Morton Kendall	John Flood
Robert Blake	Jack Ellis
Mrs. Kendall	Olive Oliver

EQUAL parts of "The Man Who Came Back" and "Broadway and Buttermilk"; a dash of "The Easiest Way," and strainings from "Turn to the Right," "The Fortune Hunter," "Broadway Jones," and other popular plays to catalogue which would be an extravagance at the present price of print paper—that is what Owen Davis offers us in "Mile-a-Minute Kendall."

Millionaire's son. Gay life. Elopement with woman of shady past. Nice little country girl at roadhouse. Rich father comes with broker who has been the woman's lover. Woman accepts \$10,000 and goes. Son falls ill and is nursed back to health by country girl. Invents new automobile fuel and gets \$500,000 for it.

You couldn't help guessing it all after the first ten words. The characters, of course, are all embalmed mummies from the dramatic museum. Helen Lowell played the same old maid. William Sampson was the same old grouch. Burr McIntosh looked unhappy in various terrible make-ups. Adele Blood, as the past-woman, was a chorus girl who was "a daughter of the Collector of the Port of New York!"

The play was utterly without suspense. You knew everything and

hour before it happened. The dialogue was jammed with sidewalk patter. "Mile-a-Minute Kendall" developed the speed of a 1911 Ford without an engine, going up-hill.

CASINO. "FOLLOW ME." Musical comedy in three acts, from the original of Felix Doermann and Leo Ascher; music by Sigmund Romberg; lyrics by R. B. Smith. Produced on November 29th with this cast:

Denise	Edith Day
Louis	Wilmer Bentley
Worth Muchmore	Harry Tighe
Laura, Marquise de Lunay,	Letty Yorke
Hector, Marquis de Lunay,	Wm. P. Carlton
Fresco	P. Paul Porcasi
Jeweler	George Egan
Dr. Jolivet	Robert Capron
Alphonse	Wilmer Bentley
Claire La Tour	Anna Held
Ninon	Gladys Sykes
Babette	Ethel Sykes
Slavlova and Macheesi	James Watts
Adolph Knutt	Henry Lewis
Miss Watchcharm	Sylvia Jason

ANNA HELD took a chance in these mutabilious days in letting such a long time elapse between appearances. Well, here she is back again and with quite as many friends as of yore, for the Casino is well filled every night.

For her return she appears in something called "Follow Me," a musical comedy of the most old-fashioned and conventional type. She is a Parisian divette who reconciles a wife to her philandering husband. It is foolish to name even those who had a hand in its construction for it has none and precious little humor, too. Such fun as there is in the show are specialties lugged in neck and crop from the vaudeville houses.

But "Follow Me" gives Miss Held a chance to change her frocks with consistent regularity, each differing from its predecessor in beauty of cut and richness of material. Her diamonds, too, are most impressive. She sings with skill and uses her eyes with all the lure that first gave her notoriety. Nor has her figure, which she displays to the full in tights, lost any of its original grace.

Of course, there is a large feminine chorus, who are also freely privileged to display their respective charms. James Watts in a burlesque classical dance is a veritable delight.

FULTON. "THE MASTER." Play in three acts by Benjamin F. Glazer, from the German of Hermann Bahr. Produced on December 5th last with the following cast:

Ida Wayne	Florence Oakley
Clemens	Charles Halton
Katherine	Edyth Latimer
Arthur Wessley	Arnold Daly
Dr. Evans	Philip Wood
Dr. Rokoro	Edward Abeles
Mortimer Weeks	Royal Byron
Juliet	Edna May Oliver
Hon. Peter Brookson	William Frederic
Dr. Raymond Wessley	Carl Eckstrom
Dr. Klauder	George Gaston
Eugene Thompson	Ramsay Wallace

IF it were not for the fact that Hermann Bahr's "The Master" was written thirteen years ago, and Henry Bataille's "Les Flambeaux" only four, I should be tempted to say that the German play was a very inferior imitation of the French one.

Whether M. Bataille ever saw "The Master" (which, by the way, I am judging solely from its adaptation at the hands of Benjamin F. Glazer) it would be hard to say. At all events, he has written a really great tragedy, taking for his characters Pasteurs and Mme. Curies and Maeterlincks, gigantic figures in the realm of thought. The Bahr piece is concerned with "quack" doctors, small town gossips, burlesque, reporters, and the like. In theme, construction, subtle significance, and dramatic power, as well as in characterization, the French play greatly surpasses the Bahr-Glazer drama.

Arnold Daly's rôle in "The Master" is that of an egotist and a rationalist, a newly made "professor" who has apparently been practising medicine without a license near "a small American city." Being both polygamous and consistent, he raises no row when his wife, suffering from love-neglect, turns to polyandry. Naturally, *les bourgeois sont épatés*.

With the *raisonneur* of the piece, a Japanese doctor, admirably characterized by Edward Abeles, the Master discusses his "advanced" (thirteen years ago) theories by and large. The Oriental remains unconvinced, however, that pure reason ought to supplant the instincts and the emotions in the life of man.

The first two acts of "The Master" are interesting, although Act I is labored and slow to start. The melodramatic touch in the second division—when the "wronged" husband shoots over the head of his wife's lover and smashes her picture on the mantel—is a bit tawdry. When the third act begins, the play is practically over, and we have little left to fill out the evening but long-winded discussion.

The play is further hampered by a set of atrocious caricatures—the boob reporter, the shocked brother,

his supercilious wife and the Mayor. They are fatal to the realistic intent.

Mr. Daly is excellent in his many scenes of quiet irony.

ASTOR. "HER SOLDIER BOY." Musical play in two acts by Victor Leon; adapted by Rida Johnson Young; music by Emmerich Kalman, with additional numbers by Sigmund Romberg. Produced on December 6th with this cast:

Alfred Appledorp	Ward DeWolfe
A Dancer	Helen Hyde
Frantz Delaunay	Frank Ridge
Alain Teniers	John Charles Thomas
Sergeant	Earl Brunswick
Marlene Delaunay	Beth Lydy
Elsje	Eliz Gergely
Teddy McLane	Clifton Crawford
Monty Mainwaring	Cyril Chadwick
Desiree	Mildred Richardson
Vitus Appledorp	Harold Vizard
Baron von Artveldt	George Shiller
Alma	Dorothy Flam
Amy Lee	Adele Rowland
Madame Karoline Delaunay,	Louise Galloway
A Private	Owen Hervey
First Sergeant	Ralph J. Herbert
Martin von Artveldt	Byrd Goolsby

"HER SOLDIER BOY" fired the first forty-two centimetre gun of the musical comedy season. If it only had a reasonably good-looking chorus—this entertainment might be labelled "The Tired Business Man's Dream."

The music, though less distinguished than that of the "Sari" of the same composer, is always soothing to the auditory nerve. The optic nerve gains its satisfaction from Miss Rowland, Miss Lydy, Miss Mildred Richardson, and some pleasant settings. And there is always John Charles Thomas to look at—if you like that sort of thing.

Mr. Thomas is an expert straddler and misses no opportunities. But never mind—he can sing; and he does so, resonantly with Miss Lydy, especially in two charming duets. Moreover, he doesn't try to dance. Miss Lydy's name is in smaller type than those of the other principals, but it ought to be several sizes larger. Who else has so good a voice on our musical comedy stage—combined with so pleasing a personality?

Miss Rowland is as vivacious and nasal as ever. Mr. Clifton Crawford supplies most of the humor of the piece. Some of the time he is very funny, and always he is mildly amusing—except when he sings lyrics of his own composition. He liked them all, save the Macbeth stanza, better than I did.

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Frances Starr A. G. Andrews

Act I. Anne insists on making the Admiral comfortable



Frances Starr

Charles Garry

Photos White

Act II. Entering the bar, Anne hides behind the fireplace



Frances Starr

Jerome Patrick

Act II. Anne urges Anthony to mend his ways



Frances Starr

Jerome Patrick

Act II. Anthony expresses his gratitude



Act III. Anne pays Anthony a visit



Act III. Anne and Anthony at work, and Cupid is at work too

An English girl of good looks and refinement is obliged to flee from the unwelcome attentions forced upon her by her employer in whose house she has been a governess. Feeling the pinch of poverty and realizing that she must adopt extraordinary measures, she decides to use the arts and wiles of an adventuress in order to capture a large fortune which is to come to Anthony Addenbrooke provided he gives up his life of dissipation and is reinstated in the British navy by a certain date. Possessed of this secret information, which is quite unknown to the young profligate himself, she undertakes his reformation in order to get hold of the money. At the very moment, however, when her well-laid plan is about to succeed, her dream of wealth vanishes and she discovers that she is only a miserable girl hopelessly in love

SCENES IN "LITTLE LADY IN BLUE" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE AUDIENCE

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



A PLAY is known by the audience it keeps. If you would learn which theatre to attend—and who wouldn't?—follow the crowd that looks best to you.

Sometimes it's not the easiest thing in the world to find the crowd—all of which depends, of course, on who you are. If you run chiefly to maxillary, at the expense of frontal development, you will have no difficulty. But if you belong to neither the class that checks its brains with its hats and coats nor the one which destiny has deprived of even that privilege, you may look long for a playhouse in which to feel perfectly at home.

The psychology of the audience is a fascinating field for study. Managers study it, surely, and so do authors and actors before they venture to offer entertainment on the market. Many of these men have studied wisely and have given the public what the public wants. Some, too, seem to over—or underestimate their patrons.

In fact, there is an obvious tendency to blame our producers for excessive underestimation. I feel like doing it myself sometimes when I have gone night after night to sit through banality and boredom. But just when I am about to vent an outburst of protest that audiences are being actually insulted, I look at the audience—and refrain.

Looking at the audience is worth while. So is listening to it. After all, no matter how poor the play, the playgoers are always interesting. They are more typical than even the stage types themselves. There is a distinct audience for vaudeville, for "Pierrot," for "Treasure Island," for "Good Gracious Annabelle," for the Winter Garden, for "Pollyanna," for "So Long Letty," and for the Rialto. And there are dozens of other distinct and separate kinds of audience.



WHO goes to see "Treasure Island"? Children, of course, for one thing—those whose parents are cultured enough to have seen to it that Stevenson's marvellous pirates are early made a part of the family traditions, and those others for whom a wise educational system has prescribed Long John Silver and Billy Bones as a blessed antidote for other things in the curriculum which I refrain from mentioning.

But not only children—children also of the larger growth take much delight in this best of all pirate yarns. I have never been quite so near to murder as I was on the occasion of my first visit to "Treasure Island." Murder, of course, would have been highly appropriate, and I believe I could have got away with it, too. At least, I should have had the moral support of all my neighbors—except the one I wanted to exterminate.

He was a greyhaired man of fifty-odd and in all ways an obviously desirable citizen except for the fact that he insisted on telling his youthful companion—in thoroughly unmuffled tones—just what Jim Hawkins or Benn Gunn or Dr. Livesey was going to do next. After all, pest that he was, he deserved pardon: he was renewing his youth, the occasion was one of infinite pleasure to him, and in his way he was demonstrating the inestimable service that the theatre renders to mankind.

If I were a manager, I'd want to appeal to just the sort of audience that goes to "Treasure Island." Only, as they do at the movies, I'd ask

them to restrain their superfluous exuberance.

As the editorial announcement of this article asked last month, have you been to the Booth or the Little Theatre and watched not only the play but the spectators? Intelligence and appreciation on every hand. People of obvious discrimination and taste. It makes you feel that at last you are sitting in an assembly of human beings.

Naturally, they are people of manners. "Pierrot" is pantomime only, and the accompanying music is often subdued. Yet no one disturbs his neighbor. How could he, when an entertainment of rare charm is being delightfully done before an audience of culture and refinement. It is the same way with Mr. Faversham's beautiful production of Shaw's "Getting Married."



MR. SHAW who, as Mr. Hornblow says, sits up nights thinking how he can shock people the next day, has uttered a querulous complaint that his audiences insist on laughing repeatedly and thus interrupting his plays. No danger of our taking Mr. Shaw seriously on this point, at least. But there is a difference in laughter, as every theatre-goer knows. And at the play it does sometimes seem that some people laugh unconscionably loud and long. At "Getting Married," however, it is not so. Mr. Faversham's spectators are not guffoons. Their appreciation of the Shavian wit and satire is just: they laugh neither too loud nor too long, and—it is good to note—they miss no subtlety or allusion.

I had the pleasure of attending the dress rehearsal of "Getting Married." The audience was largely professional. The way they rose to every point in dialogue, character-portrayal, acting, and stage-management would have done your heart good. And Mr. Faversham's non-professional audiences have maintained the tradition. All this is extremely encouraging when you recall that there have been other performances of Shaw in America, whereat the painful eagerness of one's neighbors to know always when to laugh and not to be too late about it was generally apparent.

Now look on the other picture. Once at vaudeville a small but fairly effective troupe was presenting a grand opera *in petto*. It wasn't the sort of music that the vaudevillainous affect. They much prefer a combination of "Back to Michigan" and "You're a Dog-gone Dangerous Girl" with a new title.

One young person in the audience persistently vented her disgust in cheap ridicule of the *arias* which dared not to be syncopated. In fact, she did everything in her power to drown out the offensive music. The man sitting just in front of her, evidently one who welcomed the operatic relief, endured the chatter as long as he could and at length faced about with a look of eloquent remonstrance.

"I'm sorry, Mister," retorted the young person, in raucous tones, "but I paid fer my seat the same as you."

Apparently she thought she had paid for the right to interfere with others' enjoyment of what she couldn't appreciate—a state of mind only too typical of a large percentage of American playgoers. This same young woman wildly applauded the cheap slapstick "hokum" and the vocal clap-

trap that came before and after the operatic interlude; and she would have vigorously resented any noise that obscured for her the stalest joke or the flattest chord.

Another type of audience—the super-sympathetic, I might call it. You don't often get the chance to observe it, unless you live in a "dog-town" where new plays are tried out. New York had a try-out recently—private and unheralded. There were probably not half a dozen actors in the audience—just some managers and about three hundred people of miscellaneous occupations and walks of life. Many were friends of the author or friends of his friends. One of them told me afterward that he felt "as limp as a dishcloth," that the nervous strain of the occasion would have been no more severe had the play been his own.

They were all mentally "rooting" for the new piece. If there is anything in that theory of the dynamic power of concentrated, collective thought, this play surely had every advantage. As a matter of fact, it proved a most promising comedy and will probably be on the boards before these words get into print.

From many in his audience the author gathered criticism, favorable and adverse. And in the revision of the play he was guided—and safely guided, no doubt—by these criticisms, especially when many opinions coincided.

And while we are on the subject, why is a dog-town try-out? Why not start new plays right in New York, if not publicly, at least privately? The thing is done in vaudeville and should work equally well with the "legitimate," as is demonstrated by the instance just cited. As matters are, theatrical companies assemble and rehearse in New York and then go out on the road for a week or more before returning. The purpose is, of course, to give author and producer a chance to tinker the thing into shape, if possible, after the reactions of the audience have been observed.

It is usually a costly procedure. I am informed, for instance, that "Mr. Lazarus" played one week in Atlantic City to total receipts of \$2,800; that "Turn to the Right" gathered in \$1,100 in the same place and the same length of time; that there were only thirty-three persons "out front" when "Go To It" had its first performance on any stage. Why leave our happy home for such results as those?



BUT to get back to our sheep—that is, appropriately enough, our audience. Drop in for a moment at one of our justly celebrated music halls and see what's in the stalls. Verily, the real show is not on the stage. Look at the people as they come in—every freakish variety known to anthropology—nearly everything extraordinary that Barnum had in his sideshow, from the Fat Lady to the Living Skeleton. Look at the Fat Lady: she is obviously so full of lobster and perchance of terrapin that she would never be able to digest anything offered her from the stage. She'll be lucky if she digests her lobster. Long ago, as Raymond Hitchcock puts it, she has eaten herself all out of shape.

No wonder the management, out of consideration for her state of mind and body, and that of the fat gentleman beside her, serves them only with predigested

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From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

L A U R E T T E T A Y L O R

Here is an actress who doesn't mind playing the mother of a nineteen-year-old son. Nor need she, since she looks not a day more than twenty-six in the character of the loving mother, in her husband's play "The Harp of Life"

A FAMOUS "OLD WOMAN" OF OUR STAGE

By HELEN TEN BROECK



THE old woman—the childless old woman whose empty arms, famished for motherhood, stretch out to "mother" all the world, has come into her own on the stage at last, and Emma Dunn is her prophet and her priestess.

Unheralded by any announcement in advance except the dubious statement that most of the prominent managers in New York had scoffed at the idea that a play with an old woman for its heroine could possibly succeed, Miss Dunn and "Old Lady 31," crept softly into town and registered a success that is epochal in stage history.

Previous plays with old men as the central figure—"Rip Van Winkle," "The Old Homestead," with Denman Thompson, "The Music Master," with David Warfield, and other classic stories of the woes and wrongs of the white-haired hero, had succeeded in winning public favor, but the gentle old woman has not previously held the same appeal.

To Miss Forsslund's story of "Angie" the sweet-natured old woman who carries a love-begetting gentleness and fortitude to a circle of soured old women in a charitable "Home" Miss Dunn brings so much of genuine humor and humanity, so much of beaming charm and brightness that the character she has created will not soon be forgotten, and the play in which Angie is the central figure will live with Jefferson's "Rip" and Denman Thompson's "Uncle Josh."



THE echoes of a first curtain call were scarcely silenced, a few nights ago, when I followed Miss Dunn into the tiny "star" dressing room at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, to ask how she had contrived so unerringly to place her finger on the springs of tears and laughter, in her new rôle.

"I am glad you speak of the laughter in 'Angie,'" she said, "so many kiped people come behind the scenes to tell me what a good cry they have had with themselves in the first act. I love laughter, and loathe tears, but the life that fails to hold each of these expressions falls short of the fullest experience; doesn't it?"

I nodded an inarticulate assent, for the play had left me with a sob in my voice that I would have perished rather than expose.

"My own preference," continued Miss Dunn, "would be to evoke smiles always, to play laughing rôles full of unclouded gaiety and sunshine; but the truer art, the wider and more searching vision of life sees the cloud and the sunlight follow each other in every human day."

Laughter lies very near to Miss Dunn's happy blue eyes, and a mischievous dimple deepened in her cheek as she carefully removed a cluster of Angie's side curls and patted them tenderly into place in their box.

"Life has handed me a great many tears," she said, "and that's why I love the triumph of Angie's faith and love over the bitterness of her lot. She always dreams of sunshine even when clouds are darkest, and when one clings to a dream until it seems as real as verity itself, it always comes true. The line I most dearly love in all the play says just this: 'I sometimes think, dearie, the dreamin' is more important than the fact itself,' for a life that loses its dream, loses its hope, and its ideal."

"Back of every success is the dream in which

it was first created. Telegraphy, the telephone, the steam engine, the aeroplane all lived in the dreams of their inventors for years of discouraging and baffled toil before they became realities; and the thing we do in life reflects the thing we dream—and some of us are subject to bad dreams," she added with a humorous flash of her dimple, as she laid away the last of Angie's bobbing curls.



Photo © Ira L. Hill

EMMA DUNN

The famous "old woman" of the American theatre who, in "Old Lady 31," has registered a success that is epochal in stage history

"And I suppose a big dream has come true in your success in 'Old Lady 31'?" I ventured.



MISS DUNN'S eyes grew very big. "It's funny where your dream will lead you, sometimes," she said. "Of course like everyone who chooses the stage as a profession, I have long hugged a shining vision of doing something fine and worthy in the theatre. The spirited young woman who typifies the eternal feminine whose hour has just struck; the girl with a mission for her sex; a twentieth century Joan d'Arc who leads her sister to a glorious destiny or something as big and splendid, is the part I have dreamed of and longed for."

"All through a novitiate spent in playing gay young rôles, I dreamed of the great part that was waiting for me, somewhere. And then came an engagement with Richard Mansfield in which I was cast for the rôle of Ase, Peer's mother in 'Peer Gynt.' And it just seemed after that as if all the old women in the stage world wished themselves on me, and one engagement followed

another in which I played a succession of old ladies. 'Mother,' 'The Governor's Lady,' and other plays gave me mothers or grandmothers to play, until I began to feel that my dream was never coming true.

"Then came Mr. Kugel and offered me a part in a picture play. Oh, joy! I found that I was to impersonate a girl of fifteen; I jumped at the chance to discard wrinkles and white hair, and flew gaily to make my 'test' before the camera. I remember that I came gamboling onto the scene and clambered over a fence as I rushed down toward the camera. Alas! the manager and the photographer were so stricken dumb to find that I could look like a girl, that the camera forgot to click and the test was a failure. Mr. Kugel, even then had 'Old Lady 31' in his possession (this play has been Mr. Kugel's dream, you see, for seven solid years) and I really felt that my dream was shattered and falling in ruins about me when he decided that if I played a 'kid' rôle in the movies, it might injure my value as a creator of old women. And so the cup was snatched from my lips."

"Then came a period of deep anxiety in my personal experience, when the illness of my little daughter absorbed all my thought and care for two years. But in that time of painful mother-fear Life taught me the lesson of cherishing my dream though it carried me far from the path I would have preferred to choose."



WHEN, a few months ago, my little girl recovered her health, there stood 'Old Lady 31' waiting for me. I loved the play, of course, but the actress in me recognized, at once, that Angie was by no means a 'star part,' and that she would carry me still further from the heroic young woman rôles I wanted to play. And then came the flash of a message from the disciplined sorrow of the lean, idle months through which I had passed. And the idea of service to others gleamed into my mind. If I couldn't realize my own dream in Angie, perhaps I could help someone else to win her laurels or his in the play. At any rate, it would be a beautiful thing to show discouraged and disheartened men and women that there is always a way out—and that is what 'Old Lady 31' does show you know."

All the marks of age had been removed from Miss Dunn's features by this time and it was a glowing young face that beamed upon her manager as he stepped into the room for a word with his new star. And while they chatted I recalled the fact that from the beginning of the play until the last curtain, not once does the star anchor herself in her legitimate spot in the centre of the stage. Washing her hands of all stage tradition, plunging deep into the rôle of the unselfish, self-effacing heroine, she ignores the audience in the constant effort of Angie to give everyone else a place in the sun. Her work is a triumph of spirit over technique, and the tremendous effect at which the artist arrives by this method of waiving tradition in favor of truth, stamps her as a woman of genius.

"Where did I leave off?" bubbled Miss Dunn, when her manager had withdrawn.

"Well," I faltered, "I think we were a long way from the dream." (Concluded on page 58)



Marjorie Vonnegut, Elinor M. Cox, John King, Arthur E. Hohl and T. W. Gibson in "Trifles"

Photos White



Robert Strange, Ralph Murphy and Gwladys Wynne in "Altruism"



Helen Westley and Jose Ruben in "Another Way Out"



Marjorie Vonnegut and T. W. Gibson in "Bushido"

OLD MUSIC THAT CHARMS

By MORRIS PAUL



IT seems as if New York has been oversupplied with ultra modern music in the past two or three seasons. At least the artists and conductors who make up the programs of concerts and recitals have come to that conclusion, for this season everything points toward the past. Old music is taking the place of new. Revivals instead of first performances are the rule.

In opera as well as in the concert field this state of affairs holds. The Metropolitan Opera Company opened its season with a rather old-fashioned work, Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers," and the most important novelty offered so far has been Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," which was written one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. To be sure, it has been touched up and to a certain extent modernized by no less person than Richard Strauss, but the spirit of the original composer has been retained to a remarkable degree.

"Iphigenia in Tauris" had never been produced in America prior to November 25th when it had its first Metropolitan performance. It was looked upon by general manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza as a sort of artistic venture, produced to satisfy the cravings of a few zealous music lovers for something restful in comparison with the blood curdling melodrama of the average modern opera. But strangely, Gluck's music met with immediate popular favor. The audience liked it and showed its approval with noisy applause. There is no telling what the amusement loving public will like.



FROM an artistic standpoint the Metropolitan has little to offer that is more satisfying than "Iphigenia in Tauris," though many operas are sung better. Most old music seems emotionless. Its "punch" has weakened with age and it sounds thin and purposeless. Not so with "Iphigenia." Though its music is quiet, almost restful, it expresses emotions of a moving character with unusual sureness. Somehow, the old Greek drama, for it is built upon Euripides' drama of the same name, seems to be just suited to such a musical setting as Gluck made for it. The modern idea of the Greeks as pictured in Strauss' "Elektra" and in other recent works is a little too strenuous, at least for the singers, the members of the orchestra and the conductor, if not for the public.

One significant point to be made regarding the new production is that it has no love theme. What would a Broadway play, or an Italian opera be without a few sentimental scenes? But "Iphigenia" grips without resorting to love in its usual sense. Fear of the Gods, the affection of brother and sister, and devotion to country are its primary passions.

Its interpreters are the best that the Metropolitan has to offer, but singers of German opera for the most part shout so much in Wagnerian operas that they lose the smooth tone and the even *legato* that are required for the music of Gluck. Mme. Melanie Kurt acted the title rôle most impressively. Her poses and the majesty of her bearing were admirable. And at times her singing reached a high plane. She has a voice of great beauty and of extraordinary power, but too much dramatic singing in Wagnerian rôles has deprived it of some of its smoothness. The principal male rôle is a baritone, Orestes, sung and acted by Herman Weil. Johannes Sembach as Pylades was the most satisfying of the Greeks

from a vocal standpoint. Two new additions to the soprano section of the Metropolitan, Mme. Marie Sundelius, and Miss Alice Eversman, created favorable impressions.

Artur Bodanzky prepared and conducted the production and took unusual interest in it as the fine results which he obtained from the orchestra and the singers demonstrated. Speaking of the changes which had been made in the original of Gluck he said:



THE revision of 'Iphigenia in Tauris,' by Richard Strauss was made four years ago. He not only touched up the music but he translated and adapted the words from the original French into German. Originally in four acts, he has made it into three, the last act, however, consisting of two scenes. All of the music utilized is not from the original opera. Other music of Gluck, from 'Orfeo' and from 'Armide,' has been interpolated for the ballets.

"The most important musical change made by Strauss is in the last act where a short aria of Orestes in A minor is used as the basis of a trio in A major which is merged into a chorus (supplied by Strauss), with which he brings the opera to an effective finale. The other musical modifications found in the first and third acts are confined chiefly to small changes in recitatives. The second act has been left untouched.

"Strauss has made no cuts in the opera because it is not long, but I have taken the liberty of making a few which I think help to strengthen the dramatic action. The original orchestration has been carefully revised with sympathy and reverence by Strauss. He has sought never to distort the tonal effect intended by Gluck. In a few places he has added trumpets and trombones and by skilfully and delicately retouching the wood-winds he has added here and there more light and shade to the score."

One of the features of the new production is to be found in the stage settings. They were designed by three American architects, J. M. and A. T. Hewlett and Charles Basing, and are far less conventional than the usual Metropolitan scenery. They are in tune with the grey character of the opera and bring out the majestic grandeur of Greek temples admirably.

Another feature is the dancing of Miss Rosina Galli. Usually she is associated with wild passionate scenes and sword dances, and there is one of that character in the first act, but her most fascinating work comes in the second act where she does a quiet Greek dance to Diana.



INTEREST in Greek art seems to be growing —though it is often modernized as was "Iphigenia in Tauris." Euripides, Gluck, Strauss and Bodanzky all had a hand in making it effective.

However, Gluck's opera was not the only charming old music heard for the first time here this season. In a lighter vein, two little operettas of Mozart written a few years earlier than "Iphigenia"—"Bastien and Bastienne," and "The Impressario" have had several performances in New York lately. They were first presented at the Empire Theatre very early in the season, but proved to be so interesting that they have been repeated several times at the Garrick Theatre. "The Impressario," the best of the two,

has been adapted by H. E. Krehbiel so that its story has a modern interest though it retains an old setting. It was sung by David Bispham, who is now celebrating his twenty-fifth year in opera, Miss Mabel Garrison, who recently, owing to the illness of Miss Frieda Hempel, had an opportunity to sing a "star" operatic rôle in "The Magic Flute" at the Metropolitan and "made good"; Miss Lucy Gates, who sang her rôle so well that it is hoped others of equal charm may be found for her in the future, and Albert Reiss, was the impressario of the venture, though he did not sing the title rôle in the opera.

The concert season has been notable more for the number of high-class entertainments than for novelty. New York has never before heard so much good music in so short a time. But new music seems to be scarce now that the war has taken such a hold upon European composers. There had been a reversal to old music among concert artists as well as among operatic producers. Leo Ornstein and George Copeland, often called the High Priests of the Futurist composers, have both been heard in piano recitals, but though they did not entirely neglect the struggling futurists, they devoted most of their programs to conventional classical music. A new arrival from Paris, Robert Lortat, was one of the few pianists to feature new music. It is not always profitable to play unfamiliar works, though in Mr. Lortat's case it must be admitted that his selections were well-worth hearing. In France, piano music is being composed in great quantities and some of it is entrancingly beautiful and original as he showed.



SPEAKING of pianists, the feminist movement seems to have reached the musical world, for women keyboard artists have been keeping the concert halls filled with the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Bach, but more particularly with the more seductive works of Schumann and Chopin. Most interesting of all are Miss Guiomar Novaes, from Brazil, just over twenty years of age, small, plump, healthy looking, an artist who plays Beethoven almost as well as Chopin, and Mme. Ethel Leginska, just below thirty years of age, frail, thin, child-like, but clad always in mannish garb and with her hair cut short, who has an individuality that grips her audiences. Other women pianists of note who have played recently are Mme. Teresa Carreno, who might be called the "dean of women pianists," Mme. Germaine Schmitzer, Miss Winifred Christie, and Miss Paquita Madriguera, a pupil of the late Enrique Granados, who has just reached her fifteenth year.

The season has also been more than usually rich in song recitals of importance. There are, after all, only a few singers who can present programs of songs in a way that gives entire satisfaction. At the head of present-day Lieder singers stand Mme. Julia Culp and Miss Elena Gerhardt, both of whom are spending the season in America. Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Mme. Alma Gluck and a dozen others in a lesser degree have charmed large recital audiences.

The Kneisel and Flonzaley Quartets, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Society, the Symphony Society, the Oratorio Society and many other familiar organizations have made their usual appearances.



From a portrait by Culotta

*Joseph
Meyer-Hellis*

PLAYS WORTH WHILE

"GETTING MARRIED" By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



GETTING MARRIED,* the latest Bernard Shaw play to reach the American stage, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. William Faversham, has but one setting, a Norman kitchen in the Palace of the Bishop of Chelsea; and the action of the piece is continuous.

The bishop's daughter, Edith, is to be married to Cecil Sykes. Collins, a green-grocer, is in charge of the wedding breakfast. The first guest to arrive is a brother of the bishop, General Bridgenorth, called by the family Boxer. For years he has been courting Lesbia Grantham, the bishop's sister-in-law. When she presently appears, he asks her for the tenth time to marry him, but she is firm in her refusal and very clear as to her reasons.

LESBIA. Do you suppose I think, at my time of life, that the difference between one decent sort of man and another is worth bothering about?

THE GENERAL. The heart has its preferences, Lesbia. One image, and one only, gets indelibly—

LESBIA. Yes. Excuse my interrupting you so often; but your sentiments are so correct that I always know what you are going to say before you finish. You see, Boxer, everybody is not like you. You are a sentimental noodle; you don't see women as they really are. You don't see me as I really am. Now I do see men as they really are. I see you as you really are.

THE GENERAL (murmuring). No; don't say that, Lesbia. LESBIA. I'm a regular old maid. I'm very particular about my belongings. I like to have my own house, and to have it to myself. I have a very keen sense of beauty and fitness and cleanliness and order. I am proud of my independence and jealous for it. I have a sufficiently well-stocked mind to be very good company for myself if I have plenty of books and music. The one thing I never could stand is a great lout of a man smoking all over my house and going to sleep in his chair after dinner, and untidying everything. Ugh!

THE GENERAL. But love—

LESBIA. Oh, love! Have you no imagination? Do you think I have never been in love with wonderful

men? heroes! archangels! princes! sages! even fascinating rascals! and had the strangest adventures with them? Do you know what it is to look at a mere real man after that? a man with his boots in every corner, and the smell of his tobacco in every curtain,

THE GENERAL (somewhat dazed). Well but—excuse my mentioning it—don't you want children?

LESBIA. I ought to have children. I should be a good mother to children. I believe it would pay the country very well to pay me very well to have children. But the country tells me that I can't have a child in my house without a man in it too; so I tell the country that it will have to do without my children. If I am to be a mother, I really cannot have a man bothering me to be a wife at the same time.

Consternation enters the Bridgenorth household with the arrival of Reginald, another brother of the bishop. He has just obtained by collusion a divorce from his young wife, Leo. The general insists in vain that Rejji leave before Leo comes. She comes in, kisses her ex-husband maternally and asks anxiously after his hair lotion and his liver pad. He explains to the family that he has let Leo divorce him in order that she may marry a "mushroom-faced serpent" named Sinjon Hotchkiss.

Leo, on her side, frankly expresses her bigamous views.

LEO. Rejji knows that I'm quite fond of him. I like him because he wants me; and I like Sinjon because I want him. I feel that I have a duty to Rejji.

THE GENERAL. Precisely: you have.

LEO. And, of course, Sinjon has the same duty to me.

THE GENERAL. Tut, tut!

LEO. Oh, how silly the law is! Why can't I marry them both?

THE GENERAL (shocked). Leo!

LEO. Well, I love them both. I should like to marry a lot of men. I should like to have Rejji for every day, and Sinjon for concerts and theatres and going out in the evenings, and some great austere saint for about once a year at the end of the season, and some perfectly blithering idiot of a boy to be quite wicked with. I so seldom feel wicked; and, when I do, it's such a pity to waste it merely because it's too silly to confess to a real grown-up man.

REGINALD. This is the kind of thing, you know—(Helplessly) Well, there it is!

THE GENERAL (decisively). Alice: this is a job for the Barmecide. He's a Bishop: it's his duty to talk to Leo. I can stand a good deal; but when it comes to flat polygamy and polyandry, we ought to do something.

The bishop is accordingly called from his study to lecture the fair miscreant, who promptly protests.

LEO. I didn't say I wanted to marry them: I only said I should like to marry them.

THE BISHOP. Quite a nice distinction, Leo.

LEO. Just occasionally, you know.

THE BISHOP (sitting down cosily beside her). Quite so. Sometimes a poet, sometimes a Bishop, sometimes a fairy prince, sometimes somebody quite indescribable, and sometimes nobody at all.

LEO. Yes: that's just it. How did you know?

THE BISHOP. Oh, I should say most imaginative and cultivated young women feel like that. I wouldn't give a rap for one who didn't. Shakespeare pointed out long ago that a woman wanted a Sunday husband as well as a weekday one. But, as usual, he didn't follow up the idea.

THE GENERAL (aghast). Am I to understand—

THE BISHOP (cutting him short). Now, Boxer, am I the Bishop or are you?

THE GENERAL (sulkily). You.

THE BISHOP. Then don't ask me are you to understand. "Yours not to reason why: yours but to do and die!"

THE GENERAL. Oh, very well: go on. I'm not clever. Only a silly soldier man. Ha! Go on. (He throws himself into the railed chair, as one prepared for the worst.)

MRS. BRIDGENORTH. Alfred: don't tease Boxer.

THE BISHOP. If we are going to discuss ethical questions we must begin by giving the devil fair play. Boxer never does. England never does. We always assume that the devil is guilty; and we won't allow him to prove his innocence, because it would be against public morals if he succeeded. We used to do the same with prisoners accused of high treason. And the consequence is that we overreach ourselves; and the devil gets the better of us after all. Perhaps that's what most of us intend him to do.

THE GENERAL. Alfred: we asked you here to preach to Leo. You are preaching at me instead. I am not conscious of having said or done anything that calls for that unsolicited attention.

THE BISHOP. But poor little Leo has only told the simple truth; whilst you, Boxer, are striking moral attitudes.

THE GENERAL. I suppose that's an epigram. I don't understand epigrams. I'm only a silly soldier man. Ha! But I can put a plain question. Is Leo to be encouraged to be a polygamist?

THE BISHOP. Remember the British Empire, Boxer. You're a British General, you know.

THE GENERAL. What has that to do with polygamy?

THE BISHOP. Well, the great majority of our fellow-subjects are polygamists. I can't as a British Bishop insult them by speaking disrespectfully of polygamy. It's a very interesting question. Many very interesting men have been polygamists: Solomon, Mahomet, and our friend the Duke of—of—hm! I never can remember his name.

THE GENERAL. It would become you better, Alfred, to send that silly girl back to her husband and her duty than to talk clever and mock at your religion. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Remember that.

THE BISHOP. Don't be afraid, Boxer. What God hath joined together no man ever shall put asunder: God will take care of that. (To Leo) By the way, who was it that joined you and Reginald, my dear?

LEO. It was that awful little curate that afterwards drank, and travelled first-class with a third-class ticket, and then tried to go on the stage. But they wouldn't have him. He called himself Egerton Fotheringay.

THE BISHOP. Well, whom Egerton Fotheringay hath joined, let Sir Gorell Barnes put asunder by all means.

The upshot of the discussion is that Leo is firmly resolved not to marry a whole regiment, but to content herself with only Rejji and Sinjon.

Meanwhile both Edith, the bride-to-be, and the bridegroom-elect, have got hold of pamphlets on marriage and have abruptly resolved to avoid matrimony altogether. Sinjon Hotchkiss arrives much to the disgust of Rejji, in advance of Cecil, whose objection to marriage lies in the fact that an English husband is liable for his wife's indiscretions of public utterance.

The bishop insists, after much general discussion that the law of marriage must first be made human before it can become divine. "What would you have said," inquires his wife, "if Cecil's parents had not been married?"—"They were not," replies the bishop.

And so Mr. Faversham's curtain falls—in spite of the fact that Mr. Shaw has not divided his play into acts.

When the play is resumed, we learn that the marriage of Cecil's parents was merely by civil contract—according to the church no marriage at all. Cecil is "a child of sin," but the bishop admonishes him:

THE BISHOP. Oh, come, come! You are no more a child of sin than any Jew, or Mohammedan, or Nonconformist, or anyone else born outside the Church. But you see how it affects my view of the situation. To me there is only one marriage that is holy: the Church's sacrament of marriage. Outside that, I can recognize no distinction between one civil contract and another. There was a time when all marriages were made in Heaven. But because the Church was unwise and would not make its ordinances reasonable, its power over men and women was taken away from it; and marriages gave place to contracts at a registry office. And now that our Governments refuse to make these contracts reasonable, those whom we in our blindness drove out of the Church will be driven out of the registry office; and we shall have the history of Ancient Rome repeated. We shall be joined by our solicitors for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years—or perhaps months. Deeds of partnership will replace the old vows.

The controversy that follows this speech ends in the attempt to draw up the first English partnership deed of marriage. Collins, the green-



Reginald (George Fitzgerald) and Leo (Arleen Hackett)



General Bridgenorth (Lumsden Hare) and Lesbia (Hilda Spong)



Edith (Virginia Fox Brooks) and Cecil (Hugh Dillman)



White

Charles Cherry George Fitzgerald Lumsden Hare Virginia Fox Brooks Hugh Dillman William Faversham

Act I. Edith—"Cecil, I must speak to you very particularly. Papa; go away. Go away, everybody."

SCENE IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S PLAY "GETTING MARRIED" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

grocer, who is also an alderman, and Soames (Father Anthony), who is the bishop's curate and a lawyer, are called in to aid. Lesbia would enter into such a contract with Boxer, Edith with Cecil, and Leo with both Rejky and Sinjon, and Collins, by way of preliminary, carefully explains:

COLLINS. Marriage is tolerable enough in its way if you're easygoing and don't expect too much from it. But it doesn't bear thinking about. The great thing is to get the young people tied up before they know what they're letting themselves in for. There's Miss Lesbia now. She waited till she started thinking about it; and then it was all over. If you once start arguing, Miss Edith and Mr. Sykes, you'll never get married. Go and get married first: you'll have plenty of arguing afterwards, Miss, believe me.

HOTCHKISS. Your warning comes too late. They've started arguing already.

THE GENERAL. But you don't take in the full—well, I don't wish to exaggerate; but the only word I can find is the full horror of the situation. These ladies not only refuse our honorable offers, but as I understand it—and I'm sure I beg your pardon most heartily, Lesbia, if I'm wrong, as I hope I am—they actually call on us to enter into—I'm sorry to use the expression; but what can I say?—into *alliances* with them under contracts to be drawn up by our confounded solicitors.

COLLINS. Dear me, General: that's something new when the parties belong to the same class.

THE BISHOP. Not new, Collins. The Romans did it.

COLLINS. Yes; they would, then Romans. When you're in Rome do as the Romans do, is an old saying. But we're not in Rome at present, my lord.

THE BISHOP. We have got into many of their ways. What do you think of the contract system, Collins?

COLLINS. Well, my lord, when there's a question of a contract, I always say, show it to me on paper. If it's to be talk, let it be talk; but if it's to be a contract, down with it in black and white; and then we shall know what we're about.

But none of the parties can agree on the terms of the contract. Father Anthony, the lawyer who is drawing it up, advises celibacy.

Leo wants the marriage to be forever. Rejky thinks it should be for just as long as the two people like. Lesbia would have it for as long as the man behaves. Leo, of course, wants two husbands.

Collins sums up the situation:

COLLINS. Well, my lord, you see people do persist in talking as if marriages was all of one sort. But there's almost as many different sorts of marriages as there's different sorts of people. There's the young things that marry for love, not knowing what they're doing, and the old things that marry for money and comfort and companionship. There's the people that marry for children. There's the people that don't intend to have children and that aren't fit to have them. There's the people that marry because they're so much run after by the other sex that they have to put a stop to it somehow. There's the people that want to try a new experience, and the people that want to have done with experiences. How are you to please them all? Why, you'll want half a dozen different sorts of contract.

As for the children holding the married

couple together, let twenty years from the birth of the youngest child be the term of the contract, sardonically proposes Soames. And Lesbia would have the husband cleared out of the house for two years after the birth of each child.

The financial aspect of matrimony next comes in for its share of the discussion.

EDITH. You are forgetting the very important matter of money.

COLLINS. Ah! Money! Now we're coming to it!

EDITH. When I'm married I shall have practically no money except what I shall earn.

THE BISHOP. I'm sorry, Cecil. A Bishop's daughter is a poor man's daughter.

SYKES. But surely you don't imagine that I'm going to let Edith work when we're married. I'm not a rich man; but I've enough to spare her that; and when my mother dies—

EDITH. What nonsense! Of course, I shall work when I'm married. I shall keep your house.

SYKES. Oh, that!

REGINALD. You call that work?

EDITH. Don't you? Leo used to do it for nothing; so no doubt you thought it wasn't work at all. Does your present housekeeper do it for nothing?

REGINALD. But it will be part of your duty as a wife.

EDITH. Not under this contract. I'll not have it so. If I'm to keep the house, I shall expect Cecil to pay me

at least as well as he would pay a hired housekeeper. I'll not go begging to him every time I want a new dress or a cab fare, as so many women have to do.

With a discussion of wage-slavery on, the characters are soon "talking all over the shop," as Rejky puts it. They get back to their *moutons* in a debate over the fate of the children in the event of a divorce. This gives Father Anthony a chance to inveigh against marriage:

SOAMES. Marriage is an abomination which the Church was founded to cast out and replace by the communion of saints. I learnt that from every marriage settlement I drew up as a solicitor no less than from inspired revelation. You have set yourselves here to put your sin before you in black and white; and you can't agree upon or endure one article of it.

SYKES. It's certainly rather odd that the whole thing seems to fall to pieces the moment you touch it.

THE BISHOP. You see, when you give the devil fair play he loses his case. He has not been able to produce even the first clause of a working agreement; so I'm afraid we can't wait for him any longer.

The attempt to draw up a satisfactory contract has failed utterly. "I suppose," remarks Reginald, "after all, marriage is better than—well, than the usual alternative."

SOAMES (*turning fiercely on him*). What right have you to say so? You know that the sins that are wasting and maddening this unhappy nation are those committed in wedlock.

COLLINS. Well, the single ones can't afford to indulge their affections the same as married people.

SOAMES. Away with it all, I say. You have your Master's commandments. Obey them.

HOTCHKISS (*rising and leaning on the back of the chair left vacant by the General*). I really must point out to you, Father Anthony, that the early Christian rules of life were not made to last, because the early Christians did not believe that the world itself was going to last. Now we know that we shall have to go through with it. We have found that there are millions of years behind us; and we know that that there are millions before us. Mrs. Bridgenorth's question remains unanswered. How is the world to go on? You say that that is our business—that it is the business of Providence. But the modern Christian view is that we are here to do the business of Providence and nothing else. The question is, how? Am I not to use my reason to find out why? Isn't that what my reason is for? Well, all my reason tells me at present is that you are an impracticable lunatic.

SOAMES. Does that help?

HOTCHKISS. No.

SOAMES. Then pray for light.

HOTCHKISS. No; I am a snob, not a beggar. (*He sits down in the General's chair.*)

The dilemma having become quite hopeless, here Mr. Shaw introduces his goddess out of the machine, Mrs. George, the Mayoress, and Mr. Faversham considerably drops the curtain as for the end of a second act.

Mrs. George is intensely alive, more experienced in love affairs than was even

(Concluded on page 56)



The Bishop (William Faversham) and Mrs. George (Henrietta Crossman)

EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

NO 3-MRS. MERCY WARREN

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



MOST of the literature created in America under the heat of the Revolution was of a strictly satirical character. Most of the Revolutionary ballads sung at the time were bitter with hatred against the Royalist. When the conflict actually began, the theatres which regaled the Colonists were closed, and an order from the Continental Congress declared that theatre-going was an amusement from which all patriotic people should abstain.

The playhouses were no sooner closed, however, than their doors were thrown wide open by the British troops that were stationed in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. A complete history of the American stage has to deal with Howe's players, Clinton's players, and Burgoyne's players.

Of all these Red Coat Thespians two demand our attention—one, Major André, who not only himself appeared as an actor but who, in his capacity as scene-painter, executed many very graphic and realistic "sets." One of these was in existence until about 1820, when a fire in Philadelphia destroyed it. The other Red Coat who has to be reckoned with was General Burgoyne, whose pride was as much concerned with play-writing as it was with generalship. He dipped his pen in the satirical ink-pot, and wrote a farce entitled "The Blockade of Boston."

It was this play that drew forth from a woman, an American playwright, the retort stinging. This lady was Mrs. Mercy Warren who, although distinguished for being a sister of James Otis, and the wife of General Warren, was in her own name a most important and distinct literary figure of the Revolution.



THE picture conjured up in our mind of Mrs. Warren is farthest away from satire. To judge by the costume she wore when she sat to Copley for her portrait, she must have been graced with all the feminine wiles of the time. Behold Mrs. Mercy Warren as the records describe her:

"Her head-dress is of white lace, trimmed with white-satin ribbons. Her robe is of dark-green satin with a pompadour waist trimmed with point-lace. There is a full plait at the back, hanging from the shoulders, and her sleeves are also of point-lace. White illusion, trimmed with point-lace, and fastened with a white-satin bow, covers her neck. The front of the skirt and of the sleeves are elaborately trimmed with puffs of satin."

But however agreeable this picture may be, Mrs. Warren, on reading Burgoyne's farce, immediately sharpened her pen, and replied by writing a counter-farce, which she called "The Blockheads, or The Frighted Officers." It was in the prologue of this play that the poet-dramatist wrote:

"Your pardon first I crave for this intrusion
The topic's such it looks like a delusion,
And next your candour, for I swear and vow,
Such an attempt I never made till now.
But constant laughing at the Desperate fate,
The bastard sons of Mars endur'd of late,
Induc'd me thus to minute down the notion,
Which put my risibles in such commotion,
By yankees frightened too! O dire to say!
Why yankees sure at Red-coats faint away!
Oh, yes—They thought so too—for lackaday,
Their gen'ral turned the blockade to a play;
Poor vain poltroons—with justice we'll retort,
And call them *Blockheads* for their idle sport."

Unfortunately, we cannot test the comparative value of satire as used by Burgoyne and Mrs. Warren, because the Burgoyne play is not in existence. But, undoubtedly, our Revolutionary

enthusiast knew how to wield her pen in anger, and she reflects all of the spirit of the time. Not only is this apparent in "The Blockheads," but likewise in "The Group," a piece which holds up to ridicule a number of people well known to the Boston of that day.

Mrs. Warren was the writer of many plays as well as being noted for her history of the American Revolution, and for her slim volume of poems which follow the conventional sentiments



MRS. MERCY WARREN

Playwright and satirist who was an important and distinct literary figure of the Revolution

of the conventionally sentimental English poetry of that time.

We get her interesting impressions in dramatic form of North, and Gage and, from the standpoint of the library, we regard with reverence the little copy of the play printed on the day before the battle of Lexington.

Mrs. Warren was the intimate friend of many interesting people. It concerns us, however, that her most significant correspondence of a literary nature was carried on with John Adams, afterwards President of the United States.

The student of history is beholden to Mr. Adams for many of those intimate little sketches of Revolutionary and early national life in America, without which our history would be much the poorer. His admiration for Mrs. Warren was great and even in his correspondence with her husband, James Warren, he never allowed an opportunity to slip for alluding to her work as a literary force in the life of the time. I note, for example, a letter he wrote on December 23, 1773, suggesting a theme which would "become" Mrs. Warren's pen, "which has no equal that I know of in this country."

In 1775, after "The Group" was written, and according to custom submitted by Warren to John Adams for criticism and approval, we find him praising Mrs. Warren, and quoting from her play. So poignantly incisive was Mrs. Warren's satire

that many people would not credit her with the piece she actually wrote, and there were many who thought it incredible that a woman should use satire so openly and so flagrantly as she. The consequence is that many people attributed the writing of "The Group" to masculine hands, and this attitude drew from Mrs. Warren the following letter, written to Mr. Adams:

"My next question, sir, you may deem impertinent. Do you remember who was the author of a little pamphlet entitled 'The Group'? To your hand it was committed by the writer. You brought it forward to the public eye. I will therefore give you my reason for naming it now. A friend of mine, who lately visited the Athenæum (the Boston Library), saw it among a bundle of pamphlets, with a high encomium of the author, who, he asserted, was Mr. Samuel Barrett. You can, if you please, give a written testimony contradictory of the false assertion."

This letter was written long after the Revolution, when she was not loath to let it be known that she was the author of this little play, and is clearly indicative of the general attitude the public had toward Mrs. Warren as an author. Her appeal instantly called forth a courteous rejoinder from Mr. Adams, who wrote:

"What pen could ever have conceived or suspected Samuel Barrett, Esquire, to have been the author of 'The Group'! The Bishop has neither the natural genius nor the acquired talents, the knowledge of characters, nor the political principles, sentiments, or feelings, that could have dictated that pungent drama. His worthy brother, the Major, might have been as rationally suspected."

"I could take my Bible oath to two propositions: (1) That Bishop Barrett, in my opinion, was one of the last literary characters in the world who ought to have been suspected to have written 'The Group.' (2) That there was but one person in the world, male or female, who could at that time, in my opinion, have written it, and that person was Madam Mercy Warren, the historical, philosophical, poetical and satirical consort of the then Colonel, since, General James Warren of Plymouth, sister of the great, but forgotten, James Otis."

According to Adams, he immediately went to the Boston Athenæum, where his nephew, S. W. Shaw, was librarian. He drew from the shelves a copy of "The Group," which had been bought from the collection of Governor Adams, and immediately on looking it over, wrote down the original names of the people satirized therein. This copy is still a valuable possession of the library.



WHILE Mrs. Warren was writing "The Group," she sent it piece-meal to her husband who was on the field of battle. He, being proud of the literary attainments of his wife, sent it around to his friends under seal of secrecy. And his appeal to these friends was very significant of the pride he felt in the manuscript. Here is what he wrote to Adams on January 15, 1775:

"Enclosed are for your amusement two acts of a dramatic performance composed at my particular desire. They go to you as they came out of the hand of the Copier, without pointing or marking. If you think it worth while to make any other use of them than a reading, you will prepare them in that way and give them such other corrections and amendments as your good judgment shall suggest."

It gradually became known among Warren's friends who the real writer of the satire was, much to the fright of Mrs. Mercy Warren who did not then particularly care to be known as a dramatist of such satires. She was modest to the extreme, usually being thrust into writing on particular subjects by the enthusiasm of her friends. For example, (Concluded on page 59)



From a portrait, copyright, the Hixon-Connelly Studio

R U T H S T . D E N I S

In private life Ruth St. Denis resembles a demure governess. She has a soft voice and quiet manner and her preference is for grey gowns. Nevertheless her consciousness is one of the Orient. Life seems to her a march of color, a swirl of flying forms. She surprised the friends who had catalogued her as a confirmed bachelor maid by marrying three years ago, Ted Shawn, one of the most famous male dancers of America. Miss St. Denis is interested in her husband's plan to present some of the books of the Bible in the form of a dance

THE JULIAN ELTINGE OF CHINA

By ARCHIE BELL



CHA PIH YUNG is his name and his salary is \$2,000 a month.

In a country where there are almost daily reports that this or that movie actress has placed her name to a contract calling for that amount of money for about forty-eight hours' work, the amount may not seem to be so large. It may not mean to the casual reader that it is an amount almost unheard of for an actor.

Nevertheless, this is the case in China. Where coolies work for eight or ten cents a day, where artistic embroiderers receive twenty cents for working from dawn to sunset and where porcelain artists and wood-carvers sometimes receive the munificent salary of seventy-five cents a day, it will be observed that by comparison Cha Pih Yung is well paid.

Also, there is the fact that actors of all grades are looked upon with un pitying contempt in China. The "Brethren of the Pear Orchard" as they are called by polite Chinese, are about on a social scale with barbers. People who understand the Chinese language will realize better than the rest of us are able to do, just what it means when they are called by numbers, rather than by names. It gives them the general class distinction of animals, quite similar to the German *fressen* used in connection with eating.



IT is not the popular opinion that actors deserve to be well paid. Perhaps there is no country on earth where theatrical performances are more enjoyed than in China; but the status of the actor does not improve with the passing of the years. At best, the clan is about at the level of the strolling actor of the Middle Ages in Europe. And there are many other points of similarity between the stages of the Middle Ages in Europe and the present day in China. The services of professionals may be requisitioned at any time by a powerful mandarin, who commands them to put up their stages and act in his front courtyard to fittingly celebrate his birthday, or who desires to celebrate the festival or birthday of a provincial idol, and commands them to go to the most inconvenient places, where they must act under the most distressing circumstances. Male and female parts are played by men, as in the days of Shakespeare in England.

In such a country, and under these circumstances, Cha Pih Yung receives \$2,000 a month. I could not find any actor in China who receives anything like that amount of money, anyone who rose to a point anywhere near his importance in stageland in the Flowery Republic. So I was particularly pleased one night to find his name on the bill of a theatre that I attended at Shanghai. And the first surprise came when I saw that he was a female impersonator. At least, I expected that he would be cast for the extravagantly overplayed parts of the triumphing hero, which are so common in Chinese drama. I thought that he would be one of those gentlemen who strut around the stage and prance down the Flowery Way to the back of the auditorium with pompous strides that are supposed to indicate wealth, authority, and dignity, according to celestial stage technique.

Instead of that, I saw that he was a little fel-

low—after he had been identified for me by my interpreter and guide—and that he was enacting the part of a princess, the heroine of the drama.

"Isn't this very modern, having women appear on the stage?" I asked the interpreter. "I have seen several of them in Japan, but these are the first women I have seen or heard of on a Chinese stage."

"There are no women on the stage," he corrected. "They are all men. One of them, the actor playing the part of the princess is Cha Pih Yung."

Instantly, I vowed to "interview" him, although I knew well enough that this was a next to im-



CHA PIH YUNG

Famous Chinese female impersonator who receives \$2,000 a month and rides in a carriage for which the way is cleared through crowded streets by a boy who runs ahead shouting his name to the multitude

possible thing to do. I had been reminded that "white people seldom go to the Chinese theatre; they never go on the stage." But I wanted to talk to him and see him at close range, just as if he were an American actor. But I decided to wait until after I had seen his acting. Perhaps this would not seem to be worth \$2,000 a month, after all, when viewed from the standards of Occidental criticism.



I WONDERED, and it seemed a long time before my curiosity was gratified. Chinese drama moves slowly at all times, but on this particular evening, an ancient spectacular play was being put on the boards. There were posings, processions and posturings that seemed to be interminable. The principals seemed to have little to do, but when one recalls that Chinese dramas frequently require four, six, even twenty hours in the enactment, it must be easily under-

stood why dramatists reserve the work of principals for climaxes, while sometimes hours are devoted to dances and parades by the chorus, clowning by the comedians, or even magical, acrobatic, or other extraneous "padding" which would be quite the most certain way to "kill" a drama in America, but is fully appreciated by the Chinese audience, patient with anything and never in a hurry.

Sometimes on going to the theatre about nine o'clock in the evening, I found that the drama had barely introduced the principal characters. It seemed to be encouragement to "late-comers," like the one-act curtain-raiser which was formerly in vogue in America, to enable the audience to have entertainment until the late diners were in their seats, ready to witness the drama of the evening.

But finally Cha Pih Yung began to act. In the piece, it appeared that the Emperor suspected the fair princess of double-dealing, and in reality, this princess played by the actor, had given her heart to a young nobleman of the court. The old Emperor had decided to put his suspicions to the test, so he summoned the court to announce that he would put the lady's name on the roster of the royal harem—a signal honor. The nobleman betrayed his "interest" in the lady by promptly going up to the throne and committing suicide, and the princess, unable to curb her real feelings, ran to him in dismay. Thereupon, the Emperor ordered her head chopped off, because she had proved herself guilty. But the decapitation did not take place with undue haste. I thought "the lady protesteth too much," but the Chinese audience did not. She had scenes alone with the Emperor when he seemed to be almost on the point of giving in. Finally, she put on her ceremonial robes, and after visiting her favorite idols, she took her own life. From all of which it may be observed that she had an opportunity to act, such as the provincial actress—and the Broadway star—always craves.



JUDGED by any standard, Oriental or Occidental, it was a remarkable performance. And in addition to whatever points of excellence I was able to observe and discern, there were countless details that passed my critical eye which would have been quickly detected in their neglect or elimination by the audience. There are a thousand little conventions relating to women's "inferiority" in the Orient, that must be observed to the letter in such a play, or the feelings of the audience would have been outraged. There are technical details in regard to the draping, arrangement and hanging of costumes that would never occur to the Western actress or audience. And in addition, there is a "technique" for every gesture of the arm or hand, every step or posture, and for every tone of the voice. This technique stands as the law of the Medes and Persians in the Chinese theatre. The actor who attempted to deviate by a hair's breadth from any of the conventional traditions, would soon find himself in bad odor with the people who pay to see him.

Most difficult of all, however, seemed the strange mincing gait (Concluded on page 58)



Sarony

LOLA FISHER

Who plays the name rôle of "Good Gracious Annabelle" arrived on the stage by the dubious way of amateur theatricals



Sarony

MARILYNN MILLER

Born a dancer, Miss Miller now at the Winter Garden, pirouetted on her pink first toe when only two years old



© Ira L. Hill

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

Lately seen with E. H. Sothorn in "If I Were King," and to appear shortly as a nurse in the Ernest Poole and Harriet Ford new play "Take Your Medicine"



Sarony

VIVIAN WESSELL

Besides her youthful comeliness, Miss Wessell, supporting William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth" has had good reason to be proud of her Dutch ancestry

WITH THE FIRST NIGHTERS IN VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



CONVINCING proof of the ever-growing interest of the amusement-going public in the once-despised vaudeville is furnished by the New York Palace. There each Monday matinée has come to be regarded as an "opening night," the event attracting each week the dramatic editors of the New York dailies, vast numbers of theatrical folk and many of the professional first nighters. Each week the stage witnesses the metropolitan first showing of one or more artists or offerings of importance.

That the popularity of the dance spectacle is in no wise on the wane is attested by the début in vaudeville of Maud Allan with three dance poems, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Schubert's "Moment Musicale," and Johann Strauss's "The Blue Danube," together with a love tragedy of the Orient called "Nair, the Slave," all of which she did previously during her curtailed engagement at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. Undeniably a big box-office magnet, Miss Allan, following such pretentious spectacles as those of the Marion Morgan Dancers, Ruth St. Denis, and Adelaide and Hughes, had nothing new to offer variety devotees except scenery.

Further evidence of the paramount interest in the doings of the disciples of the Muse Terpsichore is furnished by the success which has attended the efforts of Bert French and Alice Eis, and William Rock and Frances White.

Special settings and corybees in attractive elfish garb provide the background for the allegorical proffering of Mr. French and Miss Eis, the latter a young woman most prepossessing in her charm and grace. The ensemble is admirably staged by the discerning Mr. French and well maintains the high standard he has set for these spectacles.



WILLIAM ROCK, with a partner in the comely person of Frances White, diversify their dancing with songs, recitations and "patter." Burlesque "trots," "high stepping" and other forms of modern stage manoeuvres constitute their "Dansant Characteristique," which since the days of William Rock and Maude Fulton has occupied a little niche all its own in the two-a-day.

The month has been marked by the moving picture-like rapidity with which events have flashed across the vision. Expected and unexpected hits have been unreel'd swiftly and the period has been crowded with action, the substance of the screen. Responding to the distress signals of the managers for sketches, the laurels in this sphere of endeavor have been won by the men in the persons of Digby Bell, William H. Thompson, and Robert T. Haines, Emmett De Voy and George Kelly.

The veteran Digby Bell's reappearance in the varieties was made memorable for several reasons. It was the occasion of his fortieth anniversary on the stage and a generous sprinkling of fellow Lambs in the audience added zest to the event. The fact that his vehicle, "Mind Your Own Business," was written by Winchell Smith and John L. Golden, "both members of this club," was another contributory cause.

As advertised, "Mind Your Own Business" was found to be the "Turn to the Right" of vaudeville, and those wealthy wizards of wit, Messrs. Smith and Golden, have every reason to be proud of the reception tendered their star and their offspring. While the story will never win any

prizes for originality, it has some novel twists which make it distinctive, and as played by Mr. Bell and company it is thoroughly enjoyable.



COMPLICATIONS growing out of the indiscretion of a lovable old man commissioning a woman friend of the family to purchase for him a diamond brooch for his wife's sixtieth birthday supplies the basis for the fun of "Mind Your Own Business." With the idea of conveying to their married daughter and her husband the evils of domestic quarrels, the aged couple indulge in a counterfeit squall which becomes real on the wife's side with the discovery of the incident of the gift purchase, which is, of course, instantly misconstrued.

It was fitting that another veteran of the stage. William H. Thompson, should also register triumph. Incidentally, Mr. Thompson is one of the first of the legitimate actors to go into vaudeville and make good. His present offering, "The Interview," a dramatic playlet by Tom Gallon and Leon M. Lion, is not the best medium he has ever enjoyed, its story having to do with the recovery of a surgeon's lost memory by sustaining a severe shock, but Mr. Thompson's consummate skill rises superior to its shortcomings.

A surprise finish, these days so much in favor with audiences who just simply love to be fooled, assures the success of the latest contribution of Robert T. Haines, written by Oliver White, and entitled "Enter—A Stranger." The determination of a husband to teach his flirtatious wife a much-needed lesson is the motive of "Enter—A Stranger," which presents Mr. Haines in a congenial rôle, to which he does full justice.

A delightful fantasy bearing the alliterative title of "The Call of Childhood" and breathing the atmosphere of Hallowe'en is the medium through which Emmett De Voy reveals his talents. A large company is necessary for the interpretation of this dramatic inspiration—for inspirational it is no less—and among the supporting players, petite Daryl Goodwin as Hallowe'en distinguishes herself. Eugenics, incidentally, receive no kind treatment at the hands of Mr. De Voy in "The Call of Childhood," the sketch deriving its name from the pathetic picture the author limns of the child, reared in strict accordance with the mandates of the eugenic plan, who languishes for the company and pleasures of boys of his own age.



THE homely truth that "honesty is the best policy" is amusingly but none the less forcibly brought home in "Finders—Keepers," the new comedy in which George Kelly and company appear. The temptation of a woman shopper to retain possession of \$400 which she found in a purse, and the discovery that it is the property of a neighbor, is the foundation on which this laugh structure is built. This episode in the reading does not impress one with being vibrant with dramatic possibilities, nor is it, as a matter of fact, in the playing. Of action this playlet is almost without a trace, but the dialogue is most diverting and the entertainment is one of decided appeal. Anna Cleveland is conspicuous in Mr. Kelly's support.

As "the stars can tell but can't compel," an astrologer is probably necessary to explain just

why the feminine representatives of dramatic art made such a poor showing the past month in competition with their masculine rivals. The principal candidate was Olive Wyndham, presented by May Tully in Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "The Sweetmeat Game." Here are three women combining their talents on a single offering, which, despite this preponderance of femininity, did not measure up to the individual efforts of the five male stars aforementioned, appearing in sketches curiously enough written by members of the sterner sex.

"The Sweetmeat Game" is an episode from the Chinese quarter of San Francisco and while no one questions its artistry, there are so few in any audience familiar enough with the Oriental's legends and traditions to pass upon its fidelity that much of its real charm is lost. Miss Wyndham's performance was quite worthy of her and her supporting company was adequate.

The ominous sway, however, did not extend to women in every branch of vaudeville's divergent service. Notable exceptions were Beatrice Herford, drawing-room entertainer de luxe, and Dorothy Jardon, prima donna queen, both of whom scored notable successes with distinctive offerings.

Blessed with an individuality which has made its force felt as graciously in the two-a-day as when she was entertaining society at off-day matinées at the Lyceum, Miss Herford with her unique style of delivery, her modulated voice and her unctuous humor, captivates auditors anywhere, any time or any place she happens to occupy on the bill. Her constantly recurring experiences would furnish an interesting study for a psychologist bent on solving the problem of an entertainer's influence on an audience.



A MAGNIFICENT voice, gorgeous costumes and a happy selection of song numbers help to make the art of Miss Jardon so enjoyable. Here's an artist in the fullest sense of the word whose appearances add distinction to the program heaviest burdened with bright, scintillating luminaries.

And while on the subject of women favored by the planetary government so oft consulted by the scientists of the stars under no circumstances must the name of Nan Halperin be omitted. Somewhere in the Heavens her lucky orb is shining with a devotion to her interests that is unsurpassed. Three years ago absolutely unknown, to-day a headliner of the greatest magnitude tells in brief the story of Miss Halperin, little Western songstress, who appears and reappears so regularly at the Palace that she has come to be regarded as much a part of the institution as the house manager.

With the effervescent Eddie Foy as "the old woman in the shoe" and the seven little Foyes, or Joys, whichever you prefer, as "so many children she didn't know what to do," nearly a half hour's merriment is contributed by this favorite fun-maker and his family. The setting for the new act is a huge shoe sheltering the whole brood.

William Jerome and George Hobart are credited with having devised the material which the Foyes use, but whoever is responsible, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they hit upon a most happy confection.



Photo Apeda

MAUD ALLAN

The American Girl who made dramatic dancing famous. Although she has acquired European laurels in the varieties, her recent appearance at the Palace, New York, marked Miss Allan's vaudeville début in the land of her birth



Lumiere

HELENE COYNE
A recruit from the Metropolitan Ballet lately seen as a partner of Lew Brice in vaudeville



White **OLIVE WYNDHAM**

A popular and charming actress who has been lured into vaudeville to star in "The Sweetmeat Game" a dramatic morsel concerning San Francisco's Chinatown



© *Ira L. Hill*
MARGARET HAWKESWORTH
Society Dancer who is to open a dance hall of her own



© *Ira L. Hill*
LEANORE HUGHES AND DONALD CRANE
Modern Dancers delighting patrons at the McAlpin

THE SIXTY CLUB



IT is a matter of pride to the stage and its friends, that the most exclusive of all New York's dancing clubs is devoted to the social life of actors and actresses.

Money cannot purchase membership in this club, nor can social standing win admittance to its "parties." Young millionaires who are coveted guests at débutantes' balls and to whom the most exclusive of society's dancing clubs are open have found themselves *persona non grata* among the beautiful actresses, the popular actress and their friends in the Sixty Club.

It is the Club of the Sixty which stands as the most carefully exclusive of social organizations, and a list of the men who have been denied membership comprises sons of United States Senators, and more than one socially prominent and favorite leader in the inner circles of the fabled Four Hundred. For to win an invitation to a Sixty dance a man must show to the satisfaction of a rigidly censorious board of governors that he has always held the gentlemen and gentlewomen of the stage in the highest respect, before his application may even be passed along to an equally cautious invitation committee. Still more exclusive ideas prevail in the membership committee, and once a member an outsider must conform to a code of etiquette far sterner than prevails in most of the exclusive dancing clubs whose membership is drawn from members of the Fifth Avenue and Newport *élite*.



IT is almost three years since John W. Rumsey, President of the American Play Company and at that time retiring Abbot of the Friars' Club, conceived the idea of an exclusive dancing club where men and women of high character and distinction, whose profession is the stage, might enjoy a monthly banquet and dance with artists and social celebrities of their own caste.

A carefully selected list of notables was invited to join the *coterie*, and the ball room of the Hotel Biltmore was selected as a temporary home. From the very first dance which was attended by every *invitée*, the Sixty Club was an assured success. Among those who danced at the first "party" were President Rumsey, Mayor and Mrs. Mitchel, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett, Collector and Mrs. Dudley Field Malone, Signor Antonio Scotti, Daniel Frohman, Marc Klaw, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brady (Grace George), Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Veiller (Margaret Wycherly), Mr. John Drew, Miss Louise Drew,

Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Maude, Sir Johnstone and Lady Forbes-Robertson, Roi Cooper Megrue, Miss Fannie Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Sam H. Harris, Miss Blanche Bates, Max Lang Myers, Mr. and Mrs. William Courtenay (Virginia Harned), Mr. John Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Manners (Laurette Taylor), Miss Margaret Illington, Mrs. David Belasco, and Mrs. Reina Belasco Gest, Mr. William Elliott, Mr. Charles Cherry, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Jordan, Jr., of Boston (Mrs. Jordan will be remembered as the lovely Jané Laurel, of stage fame), Mr. and Mrs. Leo Ditrichstein, Mr. John Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Colt (Ethel Barrymore), Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clarke, Jr. (Mrs. Clarke was Elsie Ferguson then), and quite every representative player at that time in New York.



THE "Sixty" takes its name from the fact that the membership was originally limited to sixty men, each of whom was expected to bring a lady to the dance. About forty of the original list were men closely identified with the stage, the other twenty being made up of theatre-goers prominent in fields of literature, finance and art.

After a season at the Biltmore, the club was invited to make its headquarters at everyone of the most fashionable metropolitan hotels—a compliment never bestowed upon any other organization. The choice of the directors led the Sixty to Sherry's and the enthusiastic demands for more frequent dances was met by arranging for two instead of one gathering monthly. At present, after a very happy stay of more than a year at Sherry's, the grand ball room of the Ritz-Carlton is the home of this series of fascinating dances, and cards to the "parties" it gives are more coveted and more difficult to gain than ever. Visiting celebrities from all countries have been guests of the "Sixty," and princes and players, duchesses and mayors, diplomats and dancers, prima donnas and deep-eyed scientists meet here on the common ground of the prevailing craze for dancing.

Perhaps you will accompany THE THEATRE MAGAZINE to one "Sixty" dance which is a characteristic example of all these events. The grand ball room of the Ritz-Carlton is a blaze of lights, but far more brilliant than the twinkling of the myriad chandeliers are the bright eyes of the beautifully gowned women who have transferred their loveliness from the stage to the crystal *salon de danse* of the Ritz this evening. President Rumsey, who is assisted in receiving by a group of prominent men, salutes you with a

courtesy that makes you feel yourself the star guest of the evening and passes you on to another welcoming circle within. Everybody is chattering, everybody is happy; Laurette Taylor is looking up at the military height of James K. Hackett, and regretting that Mr. Hackett's temporary lameness forbids her to exert the privilege of the waning leap year and ask for the first "Hesitation." "I certainly would not hesitate if I could Hesitate," murmurs Mr. Hackett, and Miss Taylor makes a note of the pleasantry for her husband's next play.

Lady Colebrook dancing with William Faversham, waves her fan in passing, and gasps a reminder to Princess Troubetskoy that she is to sew for the Red Cross to-morrow afternoon. Enrico Caruso clasps your hand in the Paul Jones and asks why Constance Collier is absent from the "Sixty." You can't tell him, but someone who is better informed of the whereabouts of the English beauty says that she is somewhere in Canada playing in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." And Caruso sighs.

The swarthy little man who is one-stepping with Blanche Bates is Bayard Veiller, whose play "The Thirteenth Chair" is the talk of the town just now. Louise Drew is the graceful blonde in black, whose feet seem scarcely to touch the floor as she dances with William Courtenay; Eva Francis is the pretty girl who used to play in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." She is dancing with Rex MacDougall, Margaret Anglin's leading man in Caroline. That slim man, with a laughing face is Frank Craven, the hero of "Seven Chances." and he is dancing with Flora Zabelle, who is Raymond Hitchcock's wife and the neighbor at Great Neck of the Cravens. Mrs. Craven is the stunning brunette who is dancing with John Drew.

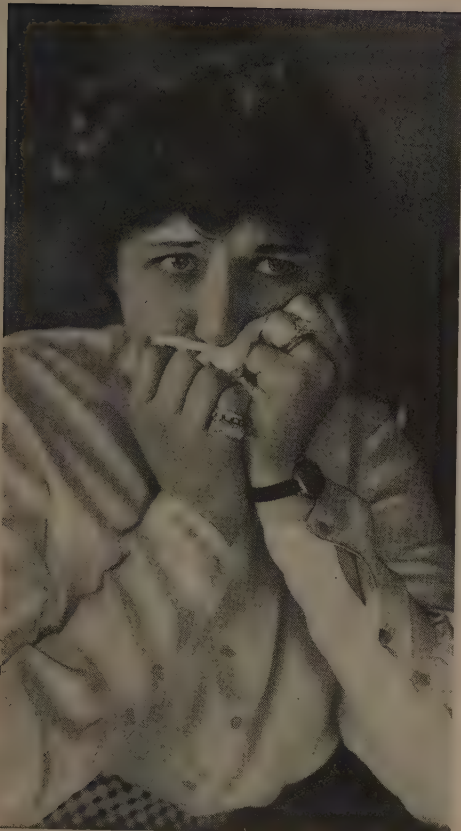


THE tall man who says he could fox-trot for hours is William Randolph Hearst, who owns more newspapers than any other celebrity present, even with several proprietors of important publications among the Sixty; Mr. Hearst is dancing with Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope, whose husband is one of the famous war correspondents of the hour; while George Creel, who is Blanche Bates' husband, whirls gaily through "Turkey in the Straw" with Mrs. Hearst, whom you will remember as one of the pretty Wilson sisters.

And now as Caruso is spied by the leader of the orchestra the band glides into the music of his famous "Lolita" ballad and everybody dances to the tune except those (Concluded on page 56)



Silhouettes by Ethel Taylor



FLORENCE MOORE



White

VALLI VALLI



MARIE TEMPEST



White

MADGE KENNEDY



Gentle

YVONNE GARRICK



White

JANE COWL

HOW THEY LOOK WHEN THEY WEEP
SIX WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES IN TEARS

HERE AND THERE

BY THE EDITOR



A WELL-KNOWN actress now playing an engagement on Broadway has a penchant for raising chickens. To each of the fowls she gives the name of some person famous in the theatrical world. Pinero is the name for a bald but distinguished looking hen, while Dan Frohman is represented by a fine Plymouth Rock, "the tamest," as the actress put it, "but the most important rooster that ever strutted through a barnyard. And that prolific producer of eggs over there I have called Lee Shubert.

"Maybe it's silly for me to give the chickens these names; but it's consoling to take revenge, when you're displeased with a manager. How? Well, either Dan Frohman or Lee Shubert is going to be eaten to-night. I won't tell you which."

SOON after the opening of the present opera season, when gloom had been cast over the hopes of musical New York because Lucrezia Bori had left for Spain, her throat being too weak to stand the strain, and Emmy Destinn had been detained in Europe by the Austrian government, and it seemed that there was no one to take their places, something happened in Chicago that made everybody gasp. A coloratura-soprano, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, had been engaged on trial to sing with the Chicago Opera Company. She was an Italian who had been passed over by all of the other operatic organizations of America without a thought. But when she made her debut in the Windy City as Gilda in "Rigoletto" she created such a sensation that Geraldine Farrar's presence in the company was all but forgotten. While New York is grieving over its losses, Chicago is rejoicing at its find. It is said that Campanini, who had given her a contract for two performances only, went down to her dressing room, after the first act, and induced her to sign up for three whole years, to prevent her from being enticed into appearing in New York.

BEATRICE HERFORD was once giving her entertainment, when a black cat calmly walked on the stage and surveyed the audience. Miss Herford didn't lose her presence of mind in the least, though the audience was highly amused. "Sh! Sh!" said Miss Herford to the cat. "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

THERE is a popular idea that Enrico Caruso sings without great effort, that he takes life easy, and looks with humorous eyes at everything in general. Those whose only acquaintance with his real personality is obtained when he "cuts up" during his curtain calls at the Metropolitan Opera House have little insight into his true character. Artur Bodanzky, the Wagnerian conductor of the Metropolitan,

was asked recently whom he considered the most conscientious worker in the company. "Caruso, by all means," he replied. "He is a tireless worker. When a new production is being prepared, it is often necessary to repeat short scenes again and again. Most of the singers complain when they are asked to go over things this way, and refuse to give their best work, but Caruso will sing his part a dozen times cheerfully if the director wishes it. He spares no pains to make his singing as perfect as possible."

MARY DAVIS, appearing with Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31," declares that she is the oldest American actress on the stage. She admits to being "over seventy-odd" but smiles at the "ninety" claimed for her by press agents. Asked if her parents objected to her going on the stage, the veteran remarks: "Yes, it was the same then as it is to-day. My grandfather told me that I was going straight to the devil, and just between ourselves, I want to say that I have found him mighty pleasant company."

THERE seems to be something about the life of a prima donna that fascinates dancers. Mlle. Flore Revalles, whose impersonations of Cleopatra, of Thamar and of the favorite wife in "Schéhérazade," with the Ballet Russe, were among the most startling features of that company, was discovered by Leon Bakst, singing small rôles in an opera company in Geneva, Switzerland. She still has operatic ambitions, and takes her operatic scores with her on tour, spending much of her spare time at singing. Rosina Galli, the charming première danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera Company has like ambitions. For several seasons she has been dancing in New York and in Chicago, and has been so successful that only her most intimate friends knew that she was studying to become a singer. Her first appearance in her new vocation will take place soon after the first of the year, when she will have a singing rôle in the Metropolitan production of Massenet's "Thaïs."

ANNE CALDWELL, author of fourteen musical plays, says that audiences are quicker witted than they were a few years ago, and she thanks the motion pictures for the changed con-

dition. Observing pictures, people are obliged to think for themselves and usually catch the point without an explanation. So now, why doesn't somebody write a musical comedy with a point to catch, one that has not been "explained" since Harry B. Smith first read a joke book?

WASLAV NIJINSKY, the head of the Ballet Russe, is a tireless worker and now that his latest choreographic creation, "Til Eulenspiegel," has been produced, he is looking around for another subject for a ballet. "Perhaps I shall try to make an American ballet next," he said recently. "I have long been interested in the fantastical tales of Edgar Allan Poe. 'The Masque of the Red Death,' for instance, could be adapted with startling effect for use in the Ballet Russe. The settings could be made by Robert Jones, the American scenic artist, who designed the scenery for 'Til Eulenspiegel,' and whom I consider a greater color expert than Leon Bakst. As for the music, I can think of no one here who could do it quite as I would like it: Stravinsky, composer of 'Petrouchka,' would be the most suitable man for the music. Someday I hope to make a 'rag-time' ballet. The one-step could be idealized in such a way as to be used in a typically American ballet."

THAT'S Thumbjack, the playwright," explained a prominent actor on the Rialto the other day, accounting for a picturesque figure that had just passed. "He's rehearsing his first-born for a dog-town opening next week." "Will he make any money out of it?" queried player number two. "Make it? He's already made it. He has six suits of clothes from his tailor, a wardrobe for Mrs. Thumbjack, eight months' rent on his hotel apartment, and personal loans amounting to more than Thumbjack can compute if he ever cares to. When folks ask him for money, he simply flourishes his contract for the production, and makes an additional touch. I figure that the play will have to run a solid year on Broadway before the royalties catch up with the advance credit."

THERE was a time when Geraldine Farrar was known as a portrayal of lovable, unsophisticated operatic characters. As the confiding, long suffering Madame Butterfly, as the little Goose Girl in "Koenigskinder," and as trustful Marguerite, she gained an enviable reputation for her characterization of innocent girlhood. Of late she has taken an interest in more passionate, forceful characters. Her vivid portrayal of the title rôle in "Carmen" established her firmly as an interpreter of emotional, willful, whimsical womanhood, and she is to add two more "scarlet" rôles to her repertoire, namely the title parts in "Thaïs" and "Salome."



THE RIALTO ORCHESTRA

One of the most popular features of the Rialto—Broadway's famous picture house—is its orchestra, conducted by Hugo Riesenfeld, formerly director of the orchestra in the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. The orchestra renders famous operatic overtures, plays interpretative music for the motion pictures, and gives a wide range of other selections. The instruments are supplemented by the largest pipe organ yet installed in any theatre.



Photo Strelecki

THE STUDIO OF WILL THORNER

The famous vocal teacher is seen here surrounded by some of his pupils. (left to right) Eva Didur, Dorothy Follis, Mme. Ganna Walska, Ina Grange and Miss Emerson



MARGOT LADD

A Texas girl of the Paris Opera Comique ballet who will dance here this winter



Photo Pach

LITTLE DORIS BOOTH

The five year old protégée of Miss Helen Möller, the Grecian dancer, and seen recently at the fashion show at the Ritz-Carlton



© Underwood & Underwood

MIRIAM ARDINI

A New Yorker who has sung abroad and in this country with phenomenal success



Players of yesteryear now the "guests" of the Actors Fund Home, West New Brighton, Staten Island, being entertained at a tea recently

THE RISE OF SPECTACLE IN AMERICA

By W. J. LAWRENCE



SEEING that stage mounting in the American theatre in the Colonial period was an unconsidered trifle, the scenery being about on a par with that then provided on the second-rate rural English playhouses, it is not surprising that the eighteenth century had almost run its course before anything of a mild spectacular order had been seen on our boards.

The first new production which had any measure of scenic appeal was Mrs. Hatton's operatic drama, "Tammany, or the Indian Chief," as brought out at the John Street Theatre, New York, on March 3, 1794. The scenery in this was by Charles Ciceri, a Franco-Italian artist reared in Paris. It was hot and glaring, violent reds and yellows predominating, and its attractiveness was so inappreciable that the piece proved a failure. Elsewhere, however, spectacle, in the true sense, soon began to rear its head.

The first really pretentious scenic production seen on the American stage was brought out by Sollée at Charleston, S. C., in April, 1796. It was a serious pantomime in two acts and five scenes called "The Apotheosis of Franklin," and the scenery had been mostly provided by Andin, a French artist. Andin afterwards removed to Boston, where, at the Haymarket Theatre in February, 1797, he was the officiating painter for Burk's stirring drama, "The Battle of Bunker's Hill," a notable piece, which, while presenting some startling fire effects, had a practicable hill-scene, probably the first example of built-up work seen on this continent. Three months later Bostonians were indulged with a localized pantomime called "The Taste of the Times," which had views of Mount Vernon, the new Boston State House, Beacon Hill and the monument.



NOW and again in the old days, striving after spectacular effect resulted in quaint misadventure. When "The Red Rover" was produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in February, 1828, the play had an ingenious nautical effect of the sinking of the *Caroline*, the device of Lewis, a clever stage mechanist newly arrived from England. Not content to let well alone, Chapman, the stage manager, decided to paint the lily by introducing a rain-storm in the scene where Wilder and the women were rescued by a boat, said storm to be simulated by descending gauze curtains. On the opening night the rain duly came down in a dense fog, but as no arrangement had been made to dispose of the gauze, it had to return whence it came, much to the amusement of the audience.

A similar *contretemps* attended the first performance of "The Last Days of Pompeii," at the Walnut Street Theatre in the same city on March 23, 1830. For this play twenty-two scenes had been painted by Russell Smith, one of the earliest of American scene-painters. Barrymore, the stage-manager, had arranged a great effect for the last act, representing the eruption of Vesuvius, but had been foolish enough not to try it out beforehand. The result was that the quick match which should have set the volcano aworking fizzled out and the curtain had to be lowered. Over anxious and half crazed, Barrymore rushed on the stage, and, oblivious of all personal risk, seized one of the side-lights, and held the lamp to the match till the powder ignited. The fireworks then began to operate

and Barrymore determined the audience should see them, but the signal to raise the curtain was not responded to as the carpenter had left his post. So Barrymore went aloft himself, the fireworks blazing away all the time. Just as he succeeded in raising the curtain the last spark exploded in a puff of powder and all was darkness. There was a hurricane of laughter and hisses, and poor Barrymore, in sheer mortification, ran madly out of the theatre.



THE first aqua-drama ever seen in the United States was "The Pirates' Signal," as produced at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in July, 1840. The method employed was that of the old Sadlers Wells Theatre in London, an immense water-tank being placed under the capacious stage. In the last act a fully rigged ship emerged from the upper entrance, sailed down to the footlights, turned and went up stage to depart whence it came. A week or two later a play called "Yankees in China" was brought out in which the great scene showed two full-rigged frigates, with their yards crowded with men, firing on a fort. Forty-six years later there was a widespread revival here of the tank drama.

Spectacular adjuncts in Shakespearean drama had no existence on the American stage until Charles Kean. The distinguished English tragedian and archæologist, came to the Park Theatre, New York, in November, 1846, and produced "King John" with a wealth of accessories, care being taken that the scenery, dresses, armour and weapons were of a scrupulous historic fidelity. The elaborate scenery was not without its drawbacks, and, after the first act a long intermission occurred owing to the difficulty experienced in setting the panoramic view of Angiers and the French camp, a scene occupying the entire depth of the stage. The production ran to moderate houses for three weeks.

So little interest was then taken in stage archæology that the progress of Shakespearean mounting was arrested for a quarter of a century. In 1864, when the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, was under the management of Booth, Clarke and Stuart, Edwin Booth contemplated a revival of "Hamlet" to run three weeks and ordered three new scenes for the production, intending to supply the rest out of stock. The scene painter of the theatre (in those days scenery was painted on the premises) was Charles Warren Witham, a native artist, not long come from Boston. Witham and Joseph Hanley, the stage manager, laid their heads together and, without taking anybody into their confidence, decided to disobey instructions and provide entirely new scenery for the production, not the old kind of wings and flats but elaborate set scenes.



AT first the managers were horrified when they saw what had been done, but the mounting undeniably contributed to the success of the revival, and a run of one hundred nights, then the largest on record in American annals, was readily attained. In this way the era of elaborate Shakespearean revival on the New York stage really began. Reared, as he was, in the old school of Spartan simplicity, Edwin

Booth quickly adapted himself to the new principles. He did not foresee that he was helping to create a Frankenstein monster, which would eventually turn and rend him.

The scenery at the Winter Garden soon became town talk. Booth afterwards said: "I thought of framing all the plays I acted, particularly Shakespeare's, appropriately without going so far beyond the reach of public appreciation as Charles Kean did—but to emulate him to the extent of my ability." For his revival of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1866 sketches for the scenery were made by Lentze, and on the walls of the Venetian Senate Chamber were hung copies of paintings by Tintoretto. In February, 1867, when the new Winter Garden Theatre opened after the fire, he produced "Romeo and Juliet" on a scale of unexampled splendor. The work thus begun was subsequently carried on at Booth's Theatre, where, in 1872, there was a sumptuous archæological revival of "Julius Caesar," followed by lavish productions of "King Henry VIII" and Byron's "Sardanapalus."

The dawn of spectacular extravaganza came in 1866 when Jarrett and Palmer produced "The Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden. No fewer than six "scenic" artists worked on this epoch-marking piece. One of them, Richard Marston, afterwards for long identified with the fortunes of the Union Square Theatre, was brought specially from Europe to superintend the production.



ONE calls "The Black Crook" epoch-marking because with it the calcium light so beloved of the *ballerina*, first came into vogue on this side. What would latter day spectacle be without its floods of concentrated light? Another innovation due to "The Black Crook" was the British Transformation Scene, a highly ingenious and very pleasing and artistic mechanical device originally worked out by Beverley, the great scene painter, and first submitted to a delighted audience in Planchi's "The Island of Jewels" at the London Lyceum in 1848. The Transformation Scene usually represented the abode of the fairies or "Bower of Bliss," as the bills had it, and was a slowly developing scene made up of gauze "rises" and tinselled "sinks," with ballet girls in the guise of very massive fairies posing here and there in more or less picturesque attitudes. It generally ended in a blaze of glory, due to the burning of pans of red fire, in the wings—a source of much subsequent coughing on the part of the audience.

After "The Black Crook" had run its prosperous course, it was succeeded in January, 1868, by "The White Fawn." On the opening night of the new piece, Wheatley, the stage manager, was compelled to make the apologetic explanation that for a solid twenty minutes eighty carpenters and twenty gasmen had been trying to get the transformation scene ready but found it impossible. So at two o'clock a. m., a much disappointed audience left the theatre. Three nights elapsed before the elaborate transformation scene could be got into working order, and even then the audience had to wait patiently for some twenty-five minutes for their treat. Some idea of the complexities of the scene may be gleaned when it is said it took twelve minutes to work out its evolution and reveal all its beauties.

Footlight Fashions

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

By MLLÉ. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES



WHO is the best-dressed woman in New York? That is to say, who is the best-dressed woman in the world? While France and Russia are fighting our battles, fashionable women of Petrograd and Paris, who have long held supremacy as the most smartly garbed of women are wearing frocks almost as subdued as the khaki and home spun in which their heroes are attired.

At the opera where evening dress shows lovely woman at her best with flashing jewels and gleaming shoulders to enhance the masterpiece of her modiste, a fashion show of low cut gowns discloses the youthful matron of which Mrs. Vincent Astor, the two Belmont brides, and Mrs. Angier Duke are beauteous examples, as holding the sceptre of Fashion's

queen. In the ranks of last year's set of younger married women, the ever fetching Mrs. Douglas who, as Annie Kountze, was the smartest girl in her circle, and Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who, devoted mother though she is, never fails in the duty she owes her dressmaker as a charming model for the display of the dream of to-morrow or even of next year in the matter of raiment. Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, is easily supreme in the ranks of matrons of longer standing, although when one sees Tessie Oelrichs at a kindly distance surrounded by admirers in her box at the Metropolitan, it is difficult to believe that she is the mother of a son old enough to enter the diplomatic service, as is the intention of young "Hermie" Oelrichs, who is accompanying Ambassador Gerard to Berlin as an attaché of the American embassy at the court of the Kaiser.

An improvement in health is restoring Mrs. Philip Lydig to her place at the opera, and her gowns, which are always a joy to artists, while they seem quite free from the tyranny of the moment's fashion, follow the mode in some suggestive feature. "I think Rita Lydig wears the brainiest dresses in the world," said Lady Elliott when Mrs. Lydig smiled over her fan at that smart Englishwoman, recently.

"Not the brainiest, perhaps, but the most picturesquely becoming," corrected "Bob" Chanler, artist, scion of the house of Astor and Paris of feminine loveliness.

* * *

Mrs. Alexander D. B. Pratt who spends a yearly fortune on frocks and another in alleviating the sufferings of the war heroes of the Allied armies, is noted for her perfectly chosen gowns at the opera, but as Mrs. Pratt is possibly the most correctly attired woman at the out-of-door events where society meets at Newport, or on Long Island or at the Southern resort, where fascinating effects in sports and equestrian garments are *de rigueur*, it is, of course, to be expected that her evening frocks should evoke sighs from her sisters in the diamond horse shoe.

The best looking tailleur costumes seen on the avenue or when society goes trudging through the part are worn by Mrs. Oren Root, younger sister of Mrs. Philip Lydig and far the handsomest of the Acosta girls.



© Ira L. Hill

Full of grace is this development of the "Marguerite Leslie négligée"

Mrs. Root may not spend so much money as her wealthier neighbors, but she certainly mixes her banknotes with brains and judgment. Especially fetching is a red-brown tailor gown short and full as to skirt, short and square as to coat, with which she wears a lovely paisley scarf bordered with seal that sets off her Spanish eyes and accentuates the faint red tinge that lurks in the deep black of her hair.

The lovely Mrs. Gray, formerly Miss Deacon, known as an international beauty, did her Christmas shopping on the avenue early mornings of mid December, and her favorite costume, a tailor affair of steely blue duvetyn bordered with lustrous black mole skin was voted smarter than smart by the envious who beheld it. Black-eyed mole by the way, is the newest, the most difficult to obtain, and consequently the most admired of all fur garnitures just now.

* * *

For chic and becoming afternoon frocks, the palm may not be awarded without serious challenge, so many smart girls and women seem "specializing" on the dainty frocks that are seen at fashionable tea tables. With the advent of the tea tray and muffineer at Mrs. Ogden Mills', one sees the loveliest of the younger set wearing soft and fluffy frocks in-

evitably showing touches of gold embroidery—sometimes gold tassels, swing from the tips of the longish sleeves or the points of the deep collars that are cunningly devised to give grace to the back and shoulders, and even used down the front of the bodice.

In afternoon frocks I think the supremacy lies with Mrs. Phipps, who has a definite leaning to soft full skirts of exceeding graceful cut and to touches of paisley embroidery with vari-colored fringes, and to Mrs. Dick, formerly Mrs. Astor, who clings to her old place in New York society to the obvious discomfort of her new husband. Mrs. Dick's lovely coloring enables her to wear the most difficult of hues, and especially lovely she looked a few afternoons ago sipping tea with her sister, Miss Force, at the Plaza. Mrs. Dick wore a frock of soft reseda green embroidered with dots and dashes of gold. Fitting snugly over her hair was a high-crowned toque of the new "manilla" which is really braided threads of any desired texture. Gold was chosen by Mrs. Dick and a single orchid of green satin with golden heart and gold leaves was carelessly flung along the narrow brim at the left side. A full-skirted Russian coat of green duvetyn of exquisite gloss and suppleness was flounced and collared with



This shimmery frock all crystal and pearl embroidery assists Margaret Illington in the captivation of every man in the cast of "Our Little Wife"

chinchilla. Even so great a fashion expert as M. le Marquis as everybody calls the very agreeable Vicomte Giaferri, kissed his finger tips in ecstasy as he gazed upon Mrs. Dick's costume which he pronounced *plus que parfait*.

And now may I whisper a secret? This lovely and original costume happened not to be original at all. Except for the wonderful strands of pearls worn around Mrs. Dick's slender young neck, the whole effect was copied from a charming "arrangement in green" as artists say, worn recently by Mrs. James K. Hackett, wife of the millionaire actor-manager. As Beatrice Beckley Mrs. Hackett, as an English stage beauty, learned how to dress from that queen of artists, Marie Tempest, whose exquisite frocks have long redeemed the princely house of the Dukes of Richmond, to which she belongs by her marriage to Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, from the reproach of giving the British aristocracy more frumpy females than any other family in the British peerage.

* * *

That a business woman may be quite as well groomed as a business man of the highest type is more than abundantly proven by Elsie de Wolfe, who left the stage to become an interior decorator, because she was tired of being called "Charles Frohman's clothes-horse." As an actress Miss de Wolfe was famed to her

own great pain, less for her dramatic work—which was conspicuously good—than for her original and wonderful stage toilettes. As her manager paid for these stunning frocks which made her famous, Miss de Wolfe was cast for rôles that were handsomely garbed rather than those requiring any great display of histrionic power. When she embarked on the troublous seas of commercial activity, Miss de Wolfe outraged the feelings of her relatives the Bradley-Martins, by reducing her wardrobe to the lowest possible terms and going in for black alpaca suits. Now that she is the richest woman in her line in America, Miss de Wolfe is once again indulging the purely feminine liking for frills and fashions, and with her gray hair and her costume of black lace and jet she is looking lovelier than ever. At one of the just-before-Christmas supper dances after the opera, Miss de Wolfe wore a Callot creation of black net covered with lines of overlapping spangles. A twin train, solidly sequinée, fell in narrow, ribbon-like lengths at the back, and points of the spangled net were longer than the petticoat in front. The effect was exceedingly original and graceful. I am sorry that I omitted to make a sketch of a very beautiful dress worn by the wife of our governor, at Mrs. Belmont's third December luncheon last week. I do not mean that Mrs. Belmont,

whose figure is of the most fashionable proportions, lunches but four times in a month; she might easily afford to enjoy the delights of the table four times a day so slender is her supple waist line, these days, but the series of luncheons she has been giving, and which filled the wonderful dining room of her home with a discriminatingly selected group of suffragists and social celebrities, have on each occasion included Mrs. Whitman as visiting guest from official Albany. On the afternoon of last Tuesday Mrs. Whitman wore a very charming creation of a material in high favor just now. Thin and supple gold tissue, showing figures in what Tappe calls invisible brocade, was combined in a picturesque frock with black chiffon-velvet. The loose basque bodice was of the gold showing nosegays of pink, mauve and green flowers in certain lights, with a loose ribbon of the velvet attached to the lower edge, and falling in front and behind to the bottom of the skirt. The petticoat was short and very full, and velvet was the fabric employed in its construction. Around the bottom it was cut in shallow rounded scallops showing a narrow underskirt of the gold tissue ornamented with flat rosettes of green and mauve velvet ribbon to match the colors in which it was brocaded. Very long close sleeves were edged at the wrist with small rosettes of the velvet ribbon. The effect was

of a beautiful Nattier picture and Mrs. Whitman's delicate coloring and soft chestnut hair with here and there a thread of silver, was most becomingly arranged à la Florence Walton in a back-turned coiffure of loose but carefully ondulée waves.

A feature of Cyril Maude's recent production of "The Baskers" was the series of exquisite costumes worn by Miss Marguerite Leslie as the naughty temptress who furnished the plot of the play.

Miss Leslie, who is a beautiful girl with a stunning figure is rather devoted to Callot effects, and one of her most widely copied "Baskers" frocks was made by the famous French sisters after an Egyptian inspiration. One really should speak quite harshly to the dramatist and the stage director, who forced Miss Leslie to wear her dresses for only a minute and to appear in one of them in darkened scenes. As a consequence of this heartless behavior the passage to her dressing room was lined with footmen after every performance while fashionable women begged for a more intimate view of the Leslie frocks.

The Callot creation mentioned above, was notable for an absolutely unique feature which was two panels of solid embroidery, copied from a figure of feminine royalty on a tomb in the Egyptian allée of the Louvre. Over a close swathing of deep Egypt-

(Continued on page 52)



Worn by Miss Martha Mayo in "The 13th Chair," this gorgeous gown has been copied for several fashionable women, and is a moonlight marvel of sapphire, silver and gold

Marguerite Leslie's "preciously stunning" Callot creation

"Midnight" frock designed by Florence Walton



©TRA DITCO

Edith Taliaferro is just as winsome in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," her new play, as she was in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and the all-star production of "The New Henrietta."

In this picture Miss Taliaferro is wearing a KNOX hat of black split straw with white Milan hemp facing. Two rows of black grosgrain ribbon surround the crown finished on the side with a pleated ribbon rosette.

KNOX HATS
FOR MEN & WOMEN
FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTIETH ST.

Agents throughout the United States and Canada

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE FASHIONS

THE STAGE AS AN ATELIER

By CORA MOORE

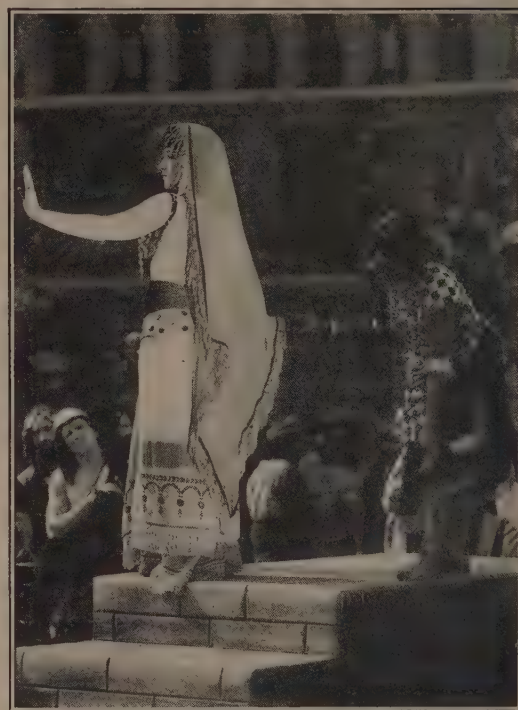


Princess "Beloved" in "Intolerance," showing original Babylonian costume

ANNOUNCEMENT

To Paris designers may belong the credit of creating the fashions but it is the stage that most effectively promotes them. It is the most important as it is the most interesting of ateliers.

Recognizing this, THEATRE MAGAZINE has decided to augment its regular Fashion Department by presenting each month a special feature article on some particular phase of the style trend as reflected by the stage.



Babylonian costume as shown in "Intolerance." All embroidery is symbolic

SO much uncertainty has attended the present fashion season that the stage has come in for even more than its customary strict observance, everyone looking to it to settle the puzzling question as to which of the various styles offered should eventually prevail.

Now comes a surprise. A dark horse has been advanced and taken everyone unawares. It is neither Russian nor Moyaen-Age, it seems, Empire nor Grecian lines that are to hold sway during the Winter but Babylonian which has certain characteristics of each of them but is altogether different from any one, and vastly charming, quite the most satisfactory mode, in fact, that has been proffered us in many a harvest moon.

Not out of Paris did the inspiration come although both Poiret and Callot sent very near adaptations but from the graceful costumes worn by some of the harem beauties in the Griffith picture, "Intolerance." By a strange coincidence, if coincidence it was, the Callot frock was almost an exact reproduction of one of the costumes garbing the beauteous Attarea of Belshazzar's court while several other models hailing from overseas, though called by other names, were obviously Babylonian. At any rate, the suggestion has caught the fancy of the conservative among us, and for the Winter it is settled that we shall costume ourselves with the simplicity of straight lines. A simplicity, however, that is always arrived at through real elegance, this being one of the most distinguishing characteristics of the Babylonian mode. Other characteristics are soft waists with loose-hanging girdles generally with stoles attached, straight-hanging skirts, a lavish use of metal cloths and rich fabrics oftentimes combined with woven cottons and linens, and, what is most important, embroidered bandings variously employed but always involving one of five symbolic designs as a primary motif.

Of course, the stage has been in the foreground with the exploitation of these adaptations which seem to have made such a complete capture. Olive Tell was the first in the field with a marvellous creation of cloth of gold. The skirt was mounted with evenly distributed gathers

to a low-swung waistband and above it a softly draped bodice of the same metal cloth held up by jeweled shoulder straps. Then a girdle of tarnished silver clasped in front with a great jewel-studded plaque engraved with one of the



A blue velvet skirt embroidered in tarnished silver, finished at the hem with linen fringe and an overdress of string-colored linen, makes up this most interesting of Babylonian adaptations. The embroidery is worked out from one of the five symbolic motifs. The sleeves are of velvet with a frill of linen let in

motifs mentioned added its glory to the beautiful whole.

In her new play, "Our Little Wife," Margaret Illington at the Harris Theatre, wears one frock that is obviously of Babylonian inspiration though hinting also of the Russian influence. It is entirely of pearl embroidery. The straight skirt is mounted to a long waist, and the girdle, instead of being a separate feature, is attached directly to both waist and skirt, which seemingly a trivial deviation from prescribed rules, is yet sufficient to bar the charming Miss Illington from appearing altogether a true modern Semiramis.

In the mystery melodrama, "The 13th Chair," Miss Wycherly wears an effective costume suggested by this fascinating style period to which Fashion is now harking so insistently. It is an afternoon frock of Burgundy silk with broad, deep girdle of velvet and bodice draped high on the shoulder and caught there with an imposing jewelled ornament. The skirt falls very straight and not too full from beneath the girdle and is finished with the usual embroidered band but a very narrow one and in self-color.

In both "The Century Girl" and Mme. Anna Held's production of "Follow Me," there are some exceedingly clever gowns of this style. As a matter of fact, one of Mme. Held's most inspiring costumes is one that, though it might, indeed, have graced one of Nebuchadnezzar's beauties themselves, is also entirely suitable for the modern drawing room. Its material, a plain cloth of gold, is draped with an apron tunic of black velvet and then the velvet is carried up on to a little net bodice swathing it in graceful folds with a marvellous jeweled plaque at one side. If these Babylonian fashions were not beautiful, which they are, and if they were not amazingly appropriate for the rich fabrics and lovely colorings of present-day materials, which also they are, we should still owe a debt of gratitude to "Intolerance" for having inspired the adaptations, because of the interest in sandals that has been aroused thereby. The shoe designers have risen nobly to their task of creating suitable slippers on (Concluded on page 50)



Esther Plummer

PONTINE

The world-famed Mme Pavlova of
the Hippodrome in her pontine coat
designed by the great fashion
creator—Hickson

sandal lines and the models constitute one of the most interesting displays with which this style season has been graced.

It has always been the wonder of those who follow fashions, and who do not, that, with the reversion to other periods for inspiration, the revival, or at least the adaptation of sandals should have been passed by.

Now there is a return to the long skirt and another change in foot coverings must be made to meet the situation for, is there anything uglier than the line of a high shoe peeping forth from an ankle-length skirt? Nothing! and here sounds the gong for the entrance of the sandal and, with skill and infinite artistry, the designers have modeled graceful slippers from the sandals which, say, the Mountain Girl wears in the Griffith picture of "Intolerance"—the Mountain Girl who creeps up behind the enemies of Babylon and runs first one of them and then another through with a sword as insouciantly as one of our modern girls jabs a hat pin through her

No less a personage-of-the-stage than the Bernhardt herself, if you please, has been the first to become enamoured of this innovation. She has even evolved some interesting models and turned them over to the shoemaker and she revels in the comfort and elegance not to mention the hygienic advantages of the sandal over the conventional evening slipper. At this moment if you were to be permitted a peep into her boot box you would see a pair of broad but well-shaped sandals with a sole extended slightly beyond the top and the uppers of a green-gold metal cloth perforated in a flower pattern outlined with heavy silk and another pair with straps and cross straps and a very low-cut toe almost solidly sewn with jewels, most of them real, so that they are, perhaps, the most costly slippers in service to-day.

In the chorus of pretty girls that tends so appreciably to make "Miss Springtime" the alluring operetta it is, you may see any night as effective a lot of sandals as it is in the heart of us moderns to conceive, and, again, there sandals with high heels that if they might appear a bit incongruous to those beauties of Babylon, add more than a mite to the charm of two of Flora Bella's choruses, but, finally, and most fascinating of all are the adaptations which that newest of our dancers, Myra Solis, has made for herself, Myra Solis, who, though known to the public now only as a dancer, is destined, as foreordained by all the gods there be, to hold the world in thrall as a Jenny Lind or a Patti. She wears these sandals and also the Babylonian costume not only when she dances in public but in the house she garbs herself in the simple raiment of those ancients, and it suits her delicate spirituelle type of beauty even better it seems than it must those voluptuous ladies for whom the style was originated.

And what a reformation in the matter of wearing ornaments, in jewels and embroideries this drift of fashion back into Babylonian days has brought in its wake! Fearful and wonderful of design and treatment are some of the novelties—weird and uncanny many of them, for, through what more effective medium than these could this simplicity of exceeding luxuriousness be brought out.

It is true that there was not much of the subtlety in dress such as it pleases us nowadays to revel in but there was the attention to symbolism which is no less interesting and more instructive. Designers are not ignoring this point. Not, perhaps, in the entire history of modern fashion have embroideries and jewelry held such an important place as now when they are become, not accessories, not ornaments applied, but an integral part of dress. This is but another way of explaining that this revival is teaching

us the proper use in place of the abuse of ornaments, and if it were to serve no better purpose it is a good turn that must be accredited to those responsible for the style.

It has long been incomprehensible that women of apparent intelligence and artistic understanding should adorn themselves with blazing jewels that stand out and attract attention like the lights on an automobile and, of course, that can but be calculated to eclipse their own charms. In this new order of things jewels are so arranged as to blend with the costume and form a harmony with the whole, to seem, in fact, a part of the wearer's personality.

Even if you have never given a thought to the psychology of things inanimate, you know when you see the dog collar that Virginia Nordan wears in her latest screen play of modern society that the strange harmonious combination of colored stones in their setting of green-gold is



Should you meet this costume on the Avenue—and, undoubtedly, you will—you may recognize it as the reincarnation of one of Attarea's handsomest frocks—Attarea—favorite of Belchazzar, back in the days before Babylon had fallen. The modern dress is of mustard-colored cloth and brown velvet brodered in gold



Veritably, a modern Semiramis is the wearer of this costume. The frock is of soft green-gold satin embroidered in metal thread with stole of same satin tipped with a bullion tassel. The cloak is a ravishing affair even as these Babylonian things go, a rich green velvet with embroidered satin band. Slippers, green velvet; hosiery, gold

coiffure. It so happens, that beside its ripping good story, this picture gives a very excellent presentation of the fashions of this time.

Oh, lovely, are these sandals of 1916-1917, quite calculated to call forth old Solomon's exclamation, "How beautiful are thy feet in shoes, O Prince's daughter!"

First of all these modern sandals are of lovely materials. None of your plain kids—unless you especially desire them, but satin and velvet, glorious metal brocades and cloths of gold and silver and then set with jewels or beaded and exquisitely embroidered.



In the adaptations of old-time ideas in footgear to modern requirements a distinctly fascinating note is struck and all sorts of interesting possibilities are involved. Leather, chamois, velvets and the metal cloths are the materials available

arrived at in no hit-or-miss manner. You feel that there is a symbol hidden somewhere in its beauty. And when you remark the bracelets that Gail Kane wears, if you know your history, you recognize that it might have belonged to "Beloved" so faithful a reproduction is it of the one in the picture of "Intolerance." If you are not familiar with what was and what was not in those glittering, cruel days, then you feel, if you have ever allowed your subconsciousness any play, that there is more significance in its fashioning that is told by the usual bracelet. Its counterpart is to be found in the museum here.



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Broadway
at
24th Street

(Continued from page 46)

MALLINSON'S

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Skirt of "Khaki-Kool"

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IT has been said by a famous designer, that the decided vogue for sport garments of silk, is due largely to the daring designs and bizarre beauty of the remarkable Sport Edition of Mallinson's Silks de Luxe.

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tian blue faille the two panels fell to a little more than knee length front and back. Scarab colors, in blue, green, mauve and gold were employed in tiny beads wrought in a design that a close examination showed to be formed of separate star-like shapes, looked in the completed design like a very beautiful plaid with solidly embroidered bands of beads and silk in dark green and gold completing the tartan.

The bodice, which had the softly swathed effect so becoming to the long slender lines of Miss Leslie's figure, was cut very deeply in a "V" which was filled in with a necklace of Egyptian beads and jewels from which depended an indescribable pendant of lotus and scarab design showing the colors employed in the embroidered panel.

* * *

A gasp of admiration from every woman in the audience was the nightly greeting accorded Miss Leslie when she crept down to the postern gate to meet her lover at midnight in "The Basker." Miss Leslie in this scene was lovely in a Bendel copy of "The Martha Hedman Négligée" described here in a recent issue. Shell pink chiffon velvet with a narrow band of kolinsky fur as shown in the accompanying photograph faithfully carried out Miss Hedman's original idea. A deep girdle of the velvet gave the negligée the appearance of having long sleeves, but a closer examination of the picture shows that this effect was cunningly achieved by M. Bendel by the mere trick of belting the front of the garment.

A very beautiful evening gown also worn by Miss Leslie, and which has been so widely copied that one sees it imitated at the opera almost every evening, is of a fascinating shade of blue panne velvet, the skirt having long upturned panels at the side, that give the effect of turkish trousers by reason of a drapery that seems to knot the panels at the hem, allowing them to show a narrow foundation petticoat bordered with a deep fringe of sapphire beads. A beautifully draped bodice of gauze embroidered with beads, has a deep crush girdle of the velvet with an upturned point in front. A long rope of pearls is the only jewel worn with this attractive creation.

* * *

At the "skating ball" which brought every débutante in town to dance and to skate if she could at the new ice rink last week, Miss Florence Walton was paid the delicate compliment of imitation by several girls who copied the midnight blue frock in which Miss Walton danced at the Century with M. Maurice earlier this month.

The dress, which is sketched in another column, carries out Miss Walton's pet ideas of grace and lightness with great success. It has a foundation of thin metal gauze of gleaming blue and upon this transparent slip are laid three tiers

of superb crystal embroidery all wrought by hand in blue, mauve, and giving the effect when the wearer dances of a whirling fringe of sapphire beads.

"I saw the advertisement in THE THEATRE of stockings at a hundred dollars a pair, and wouldn't be happy until I got them," is Miss Walton's explanation of the wonderful hosiery she wears as a finishing touch to this costume. Of course, popular actresses and dancers are the only women fortunate enough to add to the high cost of dancing by stockings at a hundred dollars the pair and so the last exquisite detail of this ravishing effect is not so widely copied as the costume itself.

Note the new wing sleeve which Bendel calls the "manche Florence Walton." It is a variation of the angel sleeve much in vogue at the present moment.

* * *

Margaret Illington, who has long played emotional rôles in gowns in which no woman in real life could possibly be so unhappy as the heroines she depicts, is changing her type of character this season, and proving herself a real actress and not a one-part player, in a rollicking farce at the Harris Theatre, in which she is appearing as a skittishly attractive young married woman who can no more help flirting than could Leo Ditrichstein in "The Great Lover."

Miss Illington makes herself still more dangerously attractive than the author intended by a series of frocks so irresistible that they would make St. Simon himself come off his pillar in dizzy infatuation.

I have sketched the actress in the creation in which she visits Walter Jones at his bachelor apartment for the purpose of persuading him to be a better man. White net heavily encrusted with embroidery of crystal, pearl and rhinestones, with gleaming threads of silver forms the princess slip which is the foundation of this stunning frock. It is of ankle length, with a narrow and exceedingly graceful train. Set across the front, and outlining the sides and lower edge of the train, is a four-inch ribbon of bright apple green satin veiled with a band of embroidery like that on the skirt. As if this effect were not sufficiently novel to cause every feminine heart in the audience to palpitate, an added touch of newness is given by a coatee effect achieved by a clever employment of a deep fringe of crystal fringe which swings loose from the bodice at the back in jacket effect. The long sleeves show a thrilling touch of the green at the wrist and a diamond chain and pendant finish the square cut décolletage. This naughtily innocent frock, must have been designed by some one who was a psychologist as well as a dressmaker of the highest art, so completely does it seem to fit the character Miss Illington has created in Avery Hopwood's latest farce.

(Concluded on page 57)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE AUDIENCE

(Continued from page 26)

pabulum—"Mellin's Food," as I once heard Elbert Hubbard (privately) describe some of his own "hot stuff." In fact, the whole audience, fat and lean, gives the impression of being gorged with food. They greet with apathy the most frantic endeavors to amuse and entertain them, and not a few in the course of the evening will fall asleep.

Take your seat, in the eighth row—and, if you're lucky, you'll get a few glimpses of the first act between the late-coming audience. The show is long, chiefly because the comedians have to wait interminably for those "out front" to see the point—all too blunt and obvious—of the stupid and puerile puns and then to discharge their volleys of guffaws.

WE'RE THE GREATEST GAMBLERS ON EARTH

(Continued from page 10)

great story writer. But how many people know of the stories he wrote which were turned back? Not his early stories, but when he was in the height of his fame?

It is the same with the producers. Only now and then does the public learn of a big loss. Few people know of the shows we build up and work hard over and spend thousands of dollars on which are a dead loss. This is because so many of them are quietly rehearsed in some little hall, then taken out to Allentown, Pa., or up to Newburg, or to some other little town and given a trial. They prove a failure and so the players come back to town and look for new engagements and the scenery goes to the storehouse and the producer figures out his loss and tries again.

The average man may find an opening in business and invest \$10,000. He takes an office and starts to work. It may drag along for a year or more. It may make good and pay him good returns or it may ultimately fail. If it does his friends say: "Poor Jones, he was a fool to risk so much money in business."

I have often wondered what these business men would think of spending \$10,000 for costumes alone, and an equal amount for props and an equal amount for special scenery, and an equal amount for advertising, and dribble away still another equal amount in incidentals which count up faster than the liveliest adding machine ever invented. There's \$100,000 gone beyond recall.

That's some gambling.

VICTOR RECORDS

The "Sancta Maria," sung by Caruso, tells of a dream of angelic choirs. Beginning with quiet reverence, the vision quickly rises to greater realization, ending in a glorious climax of gratitude and praise. Mme. Destinn offers for January "Wiegenlied," a charming little lullaby by Mozart, and she sings the melody with just the naive tenderness of a mother putting her babe to sleep. The little musical pastel, "Lotusblume," sung by Mme. Gadschi, has in it all the beautiful fragrance of the lotus bloom, and the warmth of a summer day, and despite its apparent simplicity, demands deep poetical insight and delicately sympathetic singing. A record of Carrie Jacobs-Bond's most famous song "A Perfect Day" will surely be welcomed for its own sake. Sung by Alma Gluck new beauties are unfolded in the familiar strains which cannot fail to charm the many admirers of both song and singer. "Love, Here Is My Heart," sung by John McCormack, is one of the most joyous refrains that ever this genial tenor chose to sing. The dance records this month are exceptionally attracting and calculated to set all feet a-tinging. Adv.



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TO MATCH YOUR CAR



For cold days and swift driving a late model is in skins of the muskrat, quite full and belted and trimmed with seal. The tremendously chic and practical little motor bonnet is of leather, fur-rimmed, with its goggles thoughtfully attached



To match a yellow tonneau wear this gold-colored wool velour—a shade distinctly out of the ordinary and difficult to find—trimmed with black stitching and Hudson seal, and top it off with a tri-corner of seal and beaver and striking pearl pins



For a brown car have a coat of brown imported suède trimmed with blue fox—the fox that isn't blue at all, but brown. To go with it a hat black on top, faced with cream silk plush



Motoring in the South you will want a coat lighter in weight, and Lucie Hamar has recently sent over to a well-known Sports Department just the thing in soft brown wool velour, with collar and cuffs touched off with king blue and a bit of blue stitching. A hat of brown and blue makes a set

WHEN the world was a bit younger and less sophisticated the Horse Show was the event of the season not for anything to be missed. Now it's the Automobile Show. You're coming to it in January, of course. To see what's new in the way of people and clothes, to see the Stage and Society and—Oh, yes, incidentally, cars!

And having got to New York and purchased the 1917 model of your favorite car, what easier than to induce Father or George to try it out with you on Southern roads. If business remands them at home still an independent party of three or four good chums in the tonneau works out very passably.

But one must look smart. To do so, say the Sport Departments of the big shops, motor coats must now match the car. Sitting in a yellow tonneau it is *de grand chic* to flash by in a yellow wool velour, warmed up—or cooled down, as you please—with muffling seal collar and cuffs. Equally in a red tonneau should one ride in red. Equally white or gray or brown, lavender, navy or green. Always the color of the car and the color of the coat should be the same.

I beg your pardon! You may make an exception in the case of limousine bodies, if you wish, and merely match the lining instead of the varnished exterior. But otherwise Madame La Mode d'Hiver says it is "défendu" to break her new rule. Even fur motor coats must be included under it.

A new and very smart one is in skins of the muskrat, quite full, and belted and trimmed with Hudson seal. The same house that offered this was showing the most delightful fur motoring caps, especially adapted for long trips and swift driving, in beaver, or leather and fur. Really they were hoods, which came right down to the eyebrows and had little flaps to tie snugly under the chin. You might not believe it but outside their immense practicality they were astonishingly becoming to view.

Another coat shown on this page from the Sports Department of another house was of very soft imported brown suède trimmed with blue fox—the fox that really is brown in color but gets its name from the bluish light on the fur as you look across it. As the leather was so pliable it had been possible to have the coat made with a very full skirt without its looking in the least clumsy. You will note how ingeniously it is belted. The coat's chief beauty,

however, lay in the perfect blending of the brown of the suède and the brown of the fur. But the head of the department suggests that a Robinhood combination of green suède and blue fox, which they are making up, will be equally stunning, as well as a grey suède trimmed with grey fox. (All of the leathers are imported and wonderful in quality.) And as I came down the Avenue, just after that, I ran across the prettiest little blonde person wearing just that very combination of grey suède and fur, about to step into her grey-lined limousine. As she paused to give a direction to the chauffeur I saw that she had made the piquant addition to her costume of grey suède pumps and grey spats.

For Southern motoring there are coats of lighter weight. Lucie Hamar, for instance, has sent over on the last steamer to the Sports Department of a big Fifth Avenue house the most fetching motor set, photographed here, of coat



Sport hat with tam crown of light tan covert cloth and black Pontine. A band of covert cloth holds the crown up and fastens with a small steel buckle at the side

and hat to match. Being in colors of brown and blue it is quite evidently intended for a brown car with a blue monogram on the door, or a blue limousine lined in brown. The material was brown wool velour, the collar of Yale blue wool velour and the lining of the cuffs, the blue showing in the opening of the sleeve at the wrist. Blue embroidered the unusual pockets—inspired, I believe, by the painter's smock of the Latin Quarter—and the buttonless buttonhole. No, neither a button nor a loop has been lost. They weren't intended—a Parisian trick! You may wear a *boutonnière* of bachelor buttons and a yellow cowslip, if you wish, or an orange marigold. The hat for this set is of brown embroidered in blue and the only thing lost by the photograph is the lovely coloring and the back of the coat, which is peculiarly good, falling in a straight line below the waist and joining a skirtlet gathered onto it in a curve.

Still another coat, simpler, but quite perfect in cut and color was a model in imported Vicuna cloth, semi-lined, and dullish lavender in color. That would be exactly the thing for the South and to carry back again for the early Spring breezes.

All these coats have been carefully designed with a view to their being as smart and effective when you have left the car, for a short stroll, for luncheon or afternoon tea, as they do when you are riding in it.

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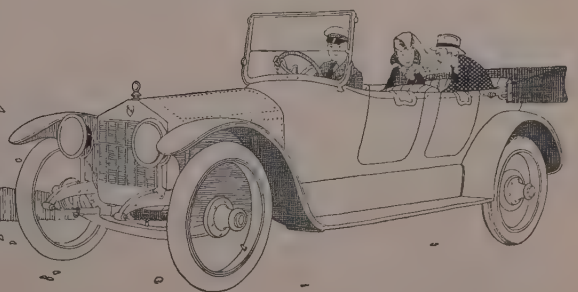
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for 1917, turn to page 3

PLAYS WORTH WHILE

(Continued from page 33)

Chaucer's Wife of Bath, and therefore just the expert needed at this critical juncture.

Left alone with the Mayoress, Hotchkiss desperately informs her that he, the snob, loves her, his inferior, adding: "My intentions are not honorable. Scream. Ring the bell. Have me turned out of the house." Instead of screaming, however, Mrs. George reveals to Hotchkiss the fact that he would not enjoy Leo's company if he were married to her, and suggests that he become the "friend of the family" in her own household. As for her husband:

MRS. GEORGE. Oh, I don't know that I love him. He's my husband, you know. But if I got anxious about George's health, and I thought it would nourish him, I would fry you with onions for his breakfast and think nothing of it. George and I are good friends. George belongs to me. Other men may come and go; but George goes on forever.

HOTCHKISS. Yes: a husband soon becomes nothing but a habit. Listen: I suppose this detestable fascination you have for me is love.

MRS. GEORGE. Any sort of feeling for a woman is called love nowadays.

HOTCHKISS. Do you love me?
MRS. GEORGE (promptly). My love is not quite so cheap an article as that, my lad. I wouldn't cross the street to have another look at you—not yet. I'm not starving for love like the robins in winter. As the good ladies you're accustomed to are. You'll have to be very clever, and very good, and very real, if you are to interest me. If George takes a fancy to you, and you amuse him enough, I'll just tolerate you coming in and out occasionally for—well, say a month. If you can make a friend of me in that time so much the better for you. If you can touch my poor dying heart even for an instant, I'll bless you, and never forget you. You may try—if George takes to you.

HOTCHKISS. I'm to come on liking for the month?

MRS. GEORGE. On condition that you drop Mrs. Reginald.

Hotchkiss balks at throwing over Leo after Leo has thrown over Reginald for him; but Mrs. George's orders are unmistakable.

When Hotchkiss kisses Mrs. George, she defends herself vigorously with a chair and forbids him her house. Hotchkiss then outwits her in a duel of words by threatening to reveal the fact that she is the writer of certain anonymous love letters to the bishop, in which she has made an assignation with him in Heaven, and she pursues him with a poker. Mrs. George herself confesses to the bishop and suddenly lapses into a state of clairvoyance.

SOAMES (whispering). Is she inspired?

THE BISHOP. Marvellous. Hush.

MRS. GEORGE. I have earned the right to speak. I have dared; I have gone through: I have not fallen withered in the fire: I have come at last out beyond, to the back of Godspeed?

THE BISHOP. And what do you see there, at the back of Godspeed?

SOAMES (hungrily). Give us your message.

MRS. GEORGE (with intensely sad reproach). When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your souls. A moment only; but was it not enough? Were you not paid then for all the rest of your struggle on earth? Must I mend your clothes and sweep your floors as well? Was it not enough: I paid the price without bargaining: I bore the children without finching: was that a reason for heaping fresh burdens on me? I carried the child in my arms: must I carry the father too? When I opened the gates of paradise, were you blind? was it nothing to you? When all the stars sang in your ears and all the winds swept you into the heart of heaven, were you deaf? were you dull? was I no more to you than a bone to a dog? Was it not enough? We spent eternity together; and you ask me for a little lifetime more. We possessed all the universe together; and you ask me to give you my scanty wages as well. I have given you the greatest of all things; and you ask me to give you little things. I gave you your own soul: you ask me for my body as a plaything. Was it not enough? What it not enough?

SOAMES. Do you understand this, my lord?

THE BISHOP. I have that advantage over you, Anthony, thanks to Alice. (He takes Mrs. George's hand.) Your hand is very cold. Can you come down to earth? Do you remember who I am, and who you are?

MRS. GEORGE. It was enough for me. I did not ask to meet you—to touch you—(the Bishop quickly releases her hand).

When you spoke to my soul years ago from your pulpit, you opened the doors of my salvation to me; and now they stand open forever. It was enough: I have asked you for nothing since: I ask you for nothing now. I have lived: it is enough. I have had my wages; and I am ready for my work. I thank you and bless you and leave you. You are happier in that than I am; for when I do for men what you did for me, I have no thanks, and no blessing: I am their prey; and there is no rest from their loving and no mercy from their loathing.

THE BISHOP. You must take us as we are, Mrs. Collins.

SOAMES. No. Take us as we are capable of becoming.

MRS. GEORGE. Take me as I am: I ask no more.

By kissing her hand Hotchkiss at length succeeds in bringing the Mayoress back to the normal. Thereupon Sykes and Edith return, announcing that they have slipped away and got married, after all, the bridegroom having first insured himself against libel risks in which his wife's utterances might involve him.

Meanwhile, Leo has visited Reginald's lodgings and found them in a deplorable state as a result of his lack of a wife. She is resolved that he must go home with her and be taken care of. When Rejje refuses to be adopted by Hotchkiss, the latter declares his passion for Mrs. George.

THE SIXTY CLUB

(Continued from page 40)

who stop to applaud the famous tenor or the band—one isn't quite certain which.

The favorite of the opera house boasts that he is the worst dancer in the Sixty—a vain boast because he isn't; but every lady present seems delighted to win him for a partner.

The band is playing "Irish Rose" now, and "Hitchy" who is star cut-up of the club, to-night suddenly deserts his partner and begins to sing the popular ditty, all the dancers halt and applaud and then some one—perhaps it is Mr. Hitchcock himself, starts a call for Chauncey Olcott, who originated the song.

"Olcott, Olcott, we want Olcott," brings Mr. Olcott to the fore blushing like a debutante, and he sings the ballad and follows with another and another of his favorite Irish ditties as encore after encore greets his efforts. Lady Colebrook slyly starts a few Irish jig steps, the band strikes up a rollicking reel and everybody is off again in a jolly dance to a medley of all the tunes of old Erin.

If there is a single step in reel, jig, ring or hornpipe that isn't remembered by Mr. Olcott or Laurette Taylor, George M. Cohan supplies it or perhaps his Honor the Mayor foots it off. Was there ever such a party? Distinguished guests from Paris and London say not, but the *habitués* of the Club seem to think that one dance differs not from another in glory and gayety.

All is laughter and happiness; not one of the stars at present shining in the local horizon is absent and every player present is at his very gayest because he is certain that he is understood and by no means liable to misinterpretation in his freedom and gayety. Billie Burke, who first met her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, at the Sixty, is dancing with Dudley Field Malone, who is closer to President Wilson than any other New Yorker.

Popular novelists are dancing with fascinating actresses who chatter wisely about "Mr. Britling" and other books of the hour, graciously meeting the authors of best sellers on their own ground. Yachtsmen and captains of finance whirl through the newest dance with feminine dramatists and handsome actors are demonstrating the intricacies of the latest steps to titled guests whose mission to America is one of gracious mercy to the soldiers who fight humanity's battles in France.

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 52)

"Will you please go to the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre and copy Miss Mayo's Sultana dress for me?" Thus telephoned a smart matron whose box at the opera is always a fashion show of the latest chic to Mollie O'Hara. Now nothing irks a modiste of Mme. O'Hara's originality more than to be asked to copy a costume she herself has not created. But what can a fashionable dress-maker do when a woman who spends thousands of dollars at her establishment every season makes a request? I must say that so wonderful is Miss Wycherly's acting it required two visits to the play before the artist could concentrate on the gown. Embroidered Philippine gauze is the material employed for the foundation of this frock and it is worn with an embroidered tunic of net with bold applique of velvet combined with vari-colored spangles and rhinestones. Touches of jet are employed to give the note of black that gives dignity to the combination, and the deep angel sleeves oddly fall into the train at the back with a grace that is seen at a glance in the accompanying sketch. A narrow line of the embroidery is used as a finish to the under slip at the hem, giving point to the delicacy of the Philippine needle work above it. The skirt is longer than is usually seen this season, and with its pleasing effect of richness and grace "Sultana," as a descriptive term quite well applies to the costume.

A number of very beautiful costumes have been ordered for the New Year ball of the Sixty Club, where handsome stage favorites love to dance in their newest frocks. Margaret Mayo has selected a very lovely frock of gold gauze to match her blonde hair.



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THE JULIAN ELTINGE OF CHINA

(Continued from page 36)

of the "lady with the golden lily feet," for no princess of the period would have had large or natural feet. Those of Cha Pih Yung were in plain view of the audience, bound with golden bands and encased in golden slippers. I had the opportunity to examine them closely on the stage after the performance and they appeared to be about two-and-one-half or three inches long.

Julian Eltinge has been known to complain of the "iron harness" that circles his waist during his exhibition, but the discomfort of this must be nothing to the agony of the Chinese impersonator of women. Cha actually walked on the tips of three toes for a period extending well over four hours. He pulls his heel back and up into a cylinder binding, permitting only the points of his toes to reach the stage—and these are bound so tightly that circulation of the blood seems impossible. Yet he shows no signs of pain and has acquired the "grace" of the "lily foot women," still admired by the Chinese who will not admit that binding of the feet is a barbarous custom.

Cha Pih Yung chants his lines in an amazing falsetto voice that is laughable to a Western auditor, but quite in accordance with the "traditions." All the other men who enact women's rôles do likewise. It would not be "in the picture" for them to wear female costumes, take the parts of princess heroines and recite their lines in a sepulchral basso. But Cha becomes funnier still when he sings. Many famous singers have been compared to nightingales. Similar comparison would bring Cha into competition with a young pig of lusty lungs when it has not been fed for twenty-four hours.

THE WITCHERY OF THE WIG

(Continued from page 14)

informal requirements. Perhaps no other actress on the American stage has so long and so consistently appeared in her own tresses as has Margaret Anglin. From her professional début in "Shenandoah" in 1904 to "Lady Windermere's Fan" in 1914, Miss Anglin has dressed her stage portrayals in her own brown and abundant hair. With the exception of her "Peter Pan" and "L'Aiglon" interpretations Maude Adams has clung to her native locks, and feminine stars of Broadway's present season like Margaret Illington, Laurette Taylor, Henrietta Crossman, Hilda Spong, Ruth Chatterton, Marjorie Rambeau, Emma Dunn and Elsie Ferguson employ no other hair than their very own.

David Warfield is "The Music Master" in his natural iron-grey head-covering. All of the younger men of prominence, except those who are secretly bald and hide their sparsity of thatch on and off the boards, under an improving toupee, place no reliance on wig witchery to get their character delineations across the footlights. Among old-time actors the wigs in which they have scored are treasured as a connoisseur treasures his rarities of art.

Says Frank Tinney, in humorous eulogy of the notoriously bald De Wolf Hopper: "He hasn't a mean hair in his head," and it must be consoling to the latter comedian that he is not alone among his fellow professionals in his skull nudity. The foundations of Matinée-dom would be shaken asunder if the masculine adored ones were compelled, some brilliant day and at the point of a howitzer, to parade down Broadway hatless and in the naked head reality revealed by their discreet shaving mirrors. The sale of the pride-saving toupee for private use among actors from twenty-six to

sixty is, to an incalculable extent, responsible for the vitality of the wig industry. I shrink from telling it, but soon or late the devastating fact must out and therefore why not here and now? Listen: forty per cent. of our actors are bald!

And the blessed ladies? Does loveliness on the stage enhance itself wigwise? In the immortal phrase of my wigster informant, "Yes and no." Yes, when her natural coloring runs counter to that demanded by an author for his heroine, or the lady interpreter wears a wig in some modern, non-period play just to protect her own hair from the injurious effects of quick waving, and No, when she is cast for an eccentric or character part. The really great actress is content to make herself hideous if in doing so she can present a living type and picture that will bring a responding thrill, shudder or round of applause from her audience. And nothing aids so effectively in the distortion of face and figure as a wig well-chosen to that end.

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Scan the programs of the principal musical events and you will find that wherever the most illustrious names of the world of music are mentioned, the term "Steinway piano used" is synonymous. Back of it all there must be a reason, because such artists as Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, Teresa Carreno, Percy Grainger, Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, John McCormack, Schumann-Heink, Geraldine Farrar, Johanna Gadske, Julia Culp, are above commercial considerations in choosing the piano upon which they use.

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(Continued from page 28)

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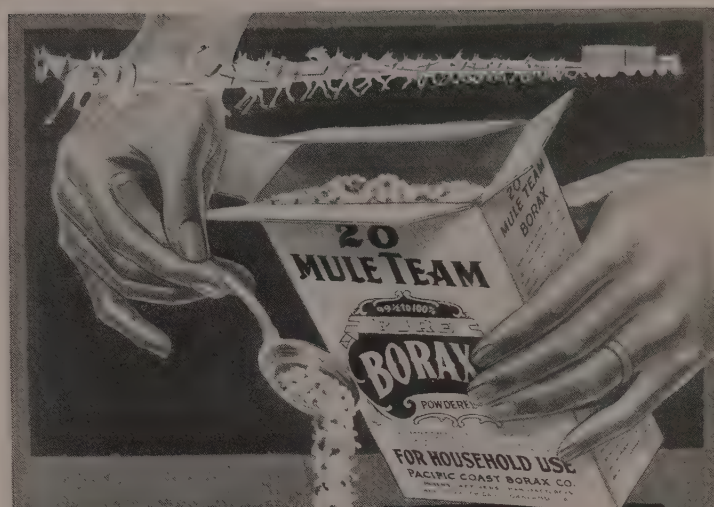
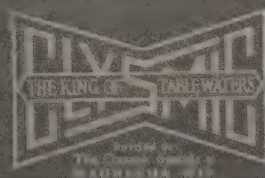
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popular; dine in Bohemia before it realizes it is Bohemia and charges admission; know what to see at the theatre, hear at the opera, buy at the bookshop, and on no account miss at the galleries—fill in and send in the coupon for 6 months of VANITY FAIR, at \$1.



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SEEN IN FIFTH AVENUE WINDOWS

THE very latest thing in evening combs and pins and ornaments for the hair, in the greatest variety. High Spanish combs of jet intricately carved: the same in what is called "cut crystal," that looks like a pearl gray shell of some sort and that would be ideal in a soft mass of gray or white hair. A pin mounted on tortoise-shell prongs, crescent-shaped and studded with small pink brilliants—a stunning ornament to sparkle in a dark coiffure and companion a pink frock. Another of sapphire-colored brilliants with a touch of green and blue enamel to make one think of a peacock eye. A comb or pin, in short, for every age and every frock.

and preservation of articles of apparel that had made such a jaunt down through the years it was explained that the coats were ceremonial garments, taken from chests only for great occasions and at long intervals and returned carefully thereto. Actresses and society women are using these mandarin coats—in fact have been for some time—for breakfast and lounging robes, combining the three-quarter coat with a plaited Chinese skirt of strips of silk and embroidery. Naturally your slippers with such a costume should be the regulation Chinese ones.

* * *

Fashion is not going to permit you to get through the season without



A delicious dancing frock of light blue soiree and ruffles of white lace. The line of the neck and the tiny puffed sleeves are particularly recommended to your attention

A most charming novelty—*chaise longue* sets, consisting of a *négligée*, a cover with deep flounce to throw over one, a pillow with a deep flounce to tuck in behind one, and another, round and puffy, for footstool—all made of the same matching materials. One of these sets, particularly stunning, was of supple silk velvet in pale blue, each piece embroidered in sprays of full-blown pink roses. Another was in pale blue silk, another in pink, one in crimson, one in yellow, each with the pink rose embroidery.

* * *

Embroidered Mandarin coats in blues and purples and scarlets, no two alike, which have come down from the seventeenth century. When on nearer inspection inside I marveled, incredulous, at the freshness

one of the new fans. Even if you were able to resist the siren song of those big ostrich ones that first appeared, you won't be able to keep on resisting the new and tempting shapes and colors. Some one of them is going to catch you somewhere. It may be one of uncut ostrich, dyed in a marvellous and indescribable design of mottled red, brown and green, such as I saw in an upper Fifth Avenue window. Or it may be another made of three large pink curled ostrich feathers, each a little longer than the other, on a tortoise-shell handle. If it isn't either of those, you will be caught unawares by a fan for theatre and opera use—a fan that is made of ostrich feathers and that has a bag cunningly hidden in its insides for one's change and handkerchief and whatever.



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

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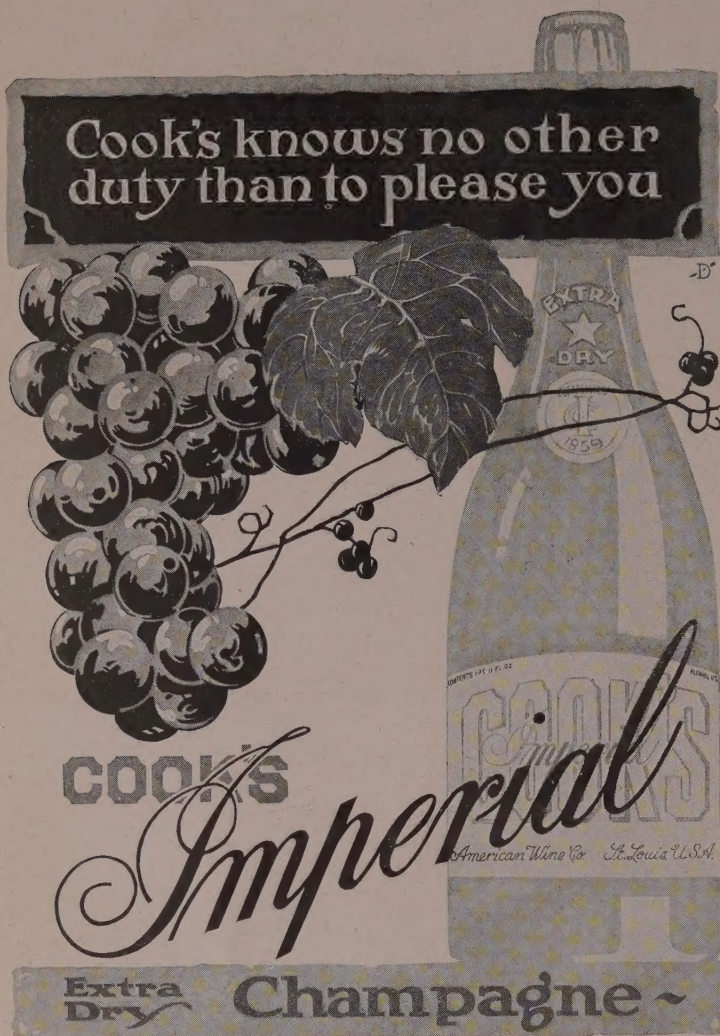
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CHARLES FECHTER'S DEBUT

(Continued from page 8)

Mr. Fechter, continuing his story, said: "Though greatly moved by such an offensive proceeding, I replied to Mr. Wallack as follows:

"My dear Wallack—I fear you have entirely mistaken the application made for the part of Don Salluste. The book was not sent you for approval but for study. I would no more dream of asking your sanction for casting you in Don Salluste than I would beg leave to cast you for Joseph Surface.

"I regret to hear you do not like the part at all. It is the best part of the play; and I'd much rather act it than Ruy Blas (an excellent one, we can try, if you like, by alternating characters?).

"But, should you still decline to assume the part, please consider your services useless and your engagement at an end this very week.

"I remain, dear Wallack, yours truly,
"CHARLES FECHTER."

On receipt of this Mr. Wallack wrote as follows:

"Sir—I consider that no other prefix is necessary after your letter of this date. I shall have no further correspondence with you in relation to my engagement at the Globe, as I in no way recognize your right to interfere. Mr. Cheney is the sole party to whom I am engaged and to whom I shall look for a fulfillment of the business contract made. Had you adhered to the agreement understood by us, or had you kept your word as given in the presence of Mr. Cheney, this need not have occurred. As it is, I decline further correspondence of any nature with you.

"Yours,
"JAMES W. WALLACK."

The house divided against itself was about to fall, and Fechter recognizing the fact that by remaining he would be jeopardizing the interests of his friend, Cheney, withdrew from the company. In his note of resignation he said: "I had no other views, in assuming the management of the Globe, than the benefit of art, the wholesome amusement of the public and the pride and comfort of my hearty friend, Cheney. The experiment proving tediously useless, in the mean and petty jealous circle I have to work in, I beg leave to retire, bowing heartfelt thanks to the public, friends of the press, and patrons, for the valuable and sustained support they have given me."

In the controversy between Wallack and Fechter, Lester Wallack took sides with his cousin and wrote endorsing his attitude. In reply James W. wrote Lester, saying:

"My dear Jack—Your letter gave me great satisfaction, because in the main it took the same ground and followed the same argument that I myself have asserted in the controversy between Fechter and Cheney and my engagement. The fact is Mr. Cheney is in a scrape with Mr. Fechter. He, Mr. Fechter, receives \$2,700 per week and is, I presume, secured by contract, the sum paid to him for his party. Mr. Fechter has no respect for his word and is inclined to ride rough shod over everybody. I, for one, do not choose to permit him to do so and I think I am strong enough in Boston to assert my rights. The difficulty is pretty well understood all over town and I assure you that I have the best of it. The 'Globe' is a decided fizzle. The houses are bad and Cheney's pockets will be very much lighter before he is very much older. I encountered Cheney on the street to-day. He offered his hand to me. I, of course, took it, and told him in very plain language the false position in which he placed himself. Every word Mr. Fechter said to me, Mr. Cheney heard and knows as well as I do how his promises were fulfilled. There would have been no difficulty had Mr. Fechter sought me in a conciliatory spirit—but when he assumed *too much* manager over me after all he had said, I was not inclined to be obedient. The whole thing will end in a great row between F. & Co. and the great 'Globe' will, like an 'unsubstantial pageant, vanish and leave not a wrack behind.' I felt sorry for C. for I think his infatuation for the 'furriner' has led him into error and am inclined to believe also that he will awaken to very disagreeable sense of his discomfiture."

After thanking his cousin for his attitude, he added a postscript saying:

"I am reminded by my wife of something Mr. Cheney said to me at our meeting to-day. He told me that Fechter said, you said, 'When you come to act at my theatre I will act Don Caesar, Jim will act Don Salluste and we can show thereby a powerful cast.' I think you did not say so."

As a matter of record it may be stated Fechter never appeared upon the stage of Wallack's Theatre.

AND ON THE OTHER HAND

(Continued from page 12)

or replaced. It takes a small army of skilled women just to keep the wardrobes picked up, mended, and replaced if beyond repair.

In winter our coal bill is from \$100 to \$300 a week. In summer our electricity bill—always enormous, is increased by the use of a hundred or more electric fans.

Then there are incidentals enough in the cost of maintaining a theatre to swamp the average prosperous business man. Paper drinking cups, filtered drinking water, ice, free pins and powders in the ladies' dressing room—the public, not the performers.

You see a doorman outside the theatre, a man in the box office, a ticket taker, a head usher, another usher, the orchestra and perhaps, now and then, a glimpse of a stage hand. You know there are stage hands. But how about the army of other employees you never see? They get a living wage—and many of them a mighty good living.

Our money goes out in every imaginable direction. The lithographer gets much of it—the newspapers get a lot of it, and amusement advertising in newspapers has to pay the highest rates of any advertising in the paper. The artists who make the posters, who design our advertising, get big money for their work. It cost us a thousand dollars not long ago for one small set of poster designs.

Remember this is not a whine. I do not believe any producer thinks of putting up a whine at the high cost of everything and the world-without-end stream of bills for this, that, and the other thing. But it is an attempt to convince people who think the producing game is all profit that the outgo is heavy and constant and that only a certain small part of every dollar that comes toward us through the box office window is our own profit.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

(Continued from page 34)

she wrote a poem on the Boston Tea Party, and in sending it to her husband she confessed that it was a task

"done in consequence of the request of a much respected friend. It was wrote off with little attention.... I do not think it has sufficient merit for the public eye."

By the same post, she sent him another scene from "The Group."

"Whatever you do with either of them (meaning the manuscripts) you will doubtless be careful that the author is not exposed, and hope your particular friends will be convinced of the propriety of not naming her at present."

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Maria Barrientos, who was the one big sensation of the Metropolitan Opera season of 1915-16, has signed a contract to make voice-recordings exclusively for the Columbia Graphophone Company.

Mme. Barrientos' first recordings include her great triumphs, the famous "Mad Scene" and the first-act aria, "Silence O'er All," from "Lucia," and a miraculous bit of coloratura work, the "Valse" from Gounod's "Mireille." These recordings are issued in the January Columbia record list coincidentally with another recording by Lazaro, acclaimed as the greatest tenor of the age: "Spinto Gentil," from "La Favorita."

This most notable record announcement also includes recordings by Kathleen Parlow, who plays the immortal "Last Rose of Summer," by Godowsky, who renders Liszt's "Paraphrase on Rigoletto," by Lucy Gates, who sings two coloratura gems, and by Vernon Stiles, the new American tenor, who is introduced with "The Sunshine of Your Smile."

Advt.

WALKING IN THE MALL WITH MR BRUMMEL



I'VE discovered something new in the matter of interviews. I call it the peripatetic or walking interview, and I can assure you it's one of the very nicest. It happens this way.

First you pick out a young and good-looking actor with a reputation for knowing how to wear clothes, say Mr. Donald MacDonald of "The Amber Empress." You try to reach



Mr. Donald MacDonald, *matinée* idol, shows how a coat should look around the shoulder, how a collar should fit the neck, how perfectly a necktie can and should be tied.

Mr. MacDonald on the telephone with a view to inducing him to give up some of his knowledge. You fail to reach him. He is out of town, or rehearsing for a tour, or something. Then quite unexpectedly you collide with him head on at 42nd Street. You nail him by the button-hole and state your plea.

"Will he give a short interview? Say how he manages to look so extraordinarily well set-up all the time. Oh, and any small tips on Fall styles."

"He most cordially will. May he 'do it now'...walk a ways with you?" Apologetically. "He's tremendously busy."

He most certainly may. That will enable you to have all the prestige of being seen walking on Broadway with a *matinée* idol deep in earnest and yet animated conversation. And nobody knows that the subject of the conversation is concerned with clothes. You now begin to see the merits of this type of interview.

"Well, how about starting with the new overcoat I'm wearing," said Mr. MacDonald. A Chesterfield, I suppose you'd call it. It's an Oxford gray, as you see, which I don't mind saying is one of my favorite colors. And here's something I've found. Oxford gray gives much the same effect as black without being so dead and doesn't show the dust half so much."

The Chesterfield, which was ex-

tremely smart and quite the latest thing, I noted, came just to the knees, had a slight fit-in at the waist and slash pockets on either side the front just below.

"Outside of grays I stick closely to blues and black," continued Mr. MacDonald. "No browns...I believe that brown should only be worn by men who are pretty ruddy."

"I believe also that every man is entitled to length of line. If he hasn't got it naturally he should go to a good tailor and have it tricked for him. American tailors are the best. They use just enough of the English repression to take away—shall we say—the Broadway glare."

"It's rather easier to say off-hand what *not* to wear than what *to*...I know a lot of sartorial impossibilities. Among them are colored derbies, purple suits, monocle ribbons, velvet trimmings and jet buttons on evening clothes, stocks and sport shirts."

Mr. MacDonald himself never wears any jewelry, but acknowledges this is merely a personal prejudice. "Perhaps," he says with a twinkle in his eye, "because my father is a jeweler." By way of being a shoemaker's child, we agreed. But jewelry is superfluous, anyway, when your brown boots are immaculate; when your collar is exactly right and fits your neck to a thread; and when you have mastered that tricky little art of tying a necktie that makes all the difference between its being a real necktie and no necktie at all.

Here we parted, though with a meticulous conscientiousness, Mr. MacDonald came dashing back to call after me: "Oh, no cuffs on trousers this season!"

Since my interview I have learned, by chance, that Mr. Macdonald was by way of being a bit of a poet—as well as a shoemaker's child. He has done some charming bits of verse.

So that he quite breaks the popular tradition that makes a poetic talent and immaculate dressing incompatible. Poets are supposed to wear neglected garments and, of course, the regulation flowing tie. Or, since Mr. Macdonald, I believe, chooses modestly to disclaim his gift and explain it away on the grounds of extreme youth—anyway, he doesn't employ his talent any more—perhaps the two qualities did war with each other. Perhaps Mr. Macdonald's poetic tendency went into his dressing and explains his charming appearance.

Any of you, therefore, who has a poetic tendency, may have to decide in which form he will present it to the world. I'm rather in favor of Mr. Macdonald's present way, for any magazine you pick up is filled with verse, but how seldom you see a really well-dressed man!

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Returning northward from Jacksonville by Clyde Line steamer, a call at Charleston reveals much of interest, with forts Moultrie and Sumter of Civil War fame, the Charleston Navy Yard, old Cathedrals, and the Battery Esplanade with its homes of old Southern aristocracy.

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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 24)

Incredible as it may sound, "Her Soldier Boy" has a real honest-to-goodness plot. "Somewhere in Belgium" a shell explodes, and a son whose blind mother awaits his return after many years, is placed *hors de combat*. His chum goes to the mother's chateau with the sad news. There an American war correspondent persuades him to impersonate the son in order not to kill the aged mother. The reluctant imposter and his "sister" fall in love. So do the amateur war correspondent and an American amateur Red Cross nurse.

There are, of course, other amateur and amatory enterprises on the stocks. When the supposedly dead son turns up alive at the last moment, I forget how many couples pair off. Nevertheless, remember here is a musical comedy—real music and real comedy—with a PLOT!

EMPIRE. SARAH BERNHARDT. Repertoire. Sarah Bernhardt is unquestionably the most remarkable personality known to the history of the stage. Both in her private and stage life she well deserves the admiration and praise she so firmly holds in the public regard. Again and again have great actors revisited the stage in their old age only to have a new generation discredit their fame. Not so with Bernhardt. Of course it is not Bernhardt at her best that we see to-day yet the last act of "Camille," which she gives, differs from her greatest performances of it only in physical vigor. The intonations of voice, the shadings of expression, the emotion, the tricks of her art—so individual as to relieve the term "tricks" of the common meaning of empty artificiality—the intellectual grasp—everything is there in a fullness that does not disappoint those who remember at her best and that affords those who have not seen her confirmation of tradition. She makes more artistic and human points in this last act of "Camille" than were ever made in many other performances by many other actresses put together.

Bernhardt has with her a company of rather negligible authority and presents a varied bill. "Hecube," in one act, by Maurice Bernhardt, is of the patriotism of France of the present moment. The scene and action are of a Greek classic period. "Du Théâtre au Champ D'Honneur" ("From the Stage to the Field of Honor") a one-act play "by a French Officer at the Front," is patriotic to the last degree.

PRINCESS: "MARGERY DAW." Play in four acts by George D. Parker. Produced on December 4th with this cast:

Mrs. Georginia Moore	Louise McIntosh
Mrs. Mary Ayres	Sarah McKivick
Willard Moore	George Probert
Miss Sarah Paulton	Caroline Lee
Dr. Henry Robertson	Forrest Robinson
Thomas Beloit	Jacques Martin
John Sterling	Frederick Perry
Margery Hamilton	Kathlene MacDonell

The visit of "Margery Daw" at the Princess Theatre, was short. It served, however, to afford another opportunity to Kathleen MacDonell, who as an arch and artless girl has a charming personality and intellectual resourcefulness. The simplicities of the play revealed an art beyond which she will go just as Mrs. Fiske left behind her the easy task of "Caprice," in which she was so delightful.

Sarah McKivick as the prim old housekeeper; George Probert as the old young lover, trifling with the inexperienced heart of the maiden; Forrest Robinson as the good-hearted doctor; Caroline Lee as a gossiping woman, and Frederick Perry as the guardian-husband-lover, were all excellent.

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